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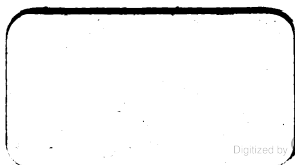
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From the collection
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THE

NEW HYMN BOOK,

DESIGNED FOR

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES.

COMPILED

FROM APPROVED AUTHORS,

WITH

VARIATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

BY

SEBASTIAN AND RUSSELL STREETER.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion....*Psalms* lxiiv. 1.

STEREOTYPED AT THE BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

Twenty-third Edition.

BOSTON:

THOMAS WHITTEMORE,

P. PRICE, N. Y. AND HASKELL & PALMER,

WOODSTOCK, VT.

1839.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the ninth day of March, A D. 1829, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, Sebastian and Russell Streeter, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit:*

"The New Hymn Book, designed for Universalist Societies: compiled from approved Authors, with Variations and Additions By Sebastian and Russell Streeter. 'Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion.' Psalm lxx. 1."

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PREFACE.

THE principal reasons for compiling THE NEW HYMN BOOK are the following: 1. To collect a body of sacred poetry, embracing greater consistency of sentiment and variety of subjects than have obtained in other works of the kind; 2. To arrange the subjects in such order as to render the work most convenient for Preachers and private Christians; 3. To furnish Universalist Societies with an elegant book, at a low rate, containing Hymns of suitable length, and adapted to all the purposes of public and private devotion. How far the compilers have succeeded in their undertaking must be determined by an enlightened and discriminating community.

The inconvenience and perplexity attending the promiscuous distribution of Hymns, in every book now used in Universalist Societies, are effectually obviated by the distinct classification of subjects in this work.

The names of authors, so far as they have been ascertained, are affixed to their Hymns, respectively, in the Index. Those which have not, to the knowledge of the Compilers, been inserted in a Hymn Book, are considered original, and designated in the Index by an asterisk [*].

The characters, denoting the major or minor key, will be found, it is believed, very convenient and useful.

The alterations of selected Hymns are too numerous to be particularly noted, and it must, therefore, suffice to remark, once for all, that the sentiment and phraseology have been varied in all cases where it was deemed necessary.

Respectfully dedicating the New Hymn Book to their brethren of like precious faith, the compilers devoutly commend both to the protection and blessing of Heaven.

Boston, March 4, 1829.

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EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

GOD AND HIS PERFECTIONS.

HYMN 1. L. M. [#]

Being of God.

- 1 **THERE** is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies :
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When first the beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the weak attempts of art ;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of a God ;
Come, bow before him, and adore.

HYMN 2. 6 l. L. M. [#]

Perfection of God.

- 1 THOU art, Almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same ;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow,
Such floods of glory from thee flow.
- 2 What mortal hand shall dare to paint
A semblance of thy glory, Lord ?
The brightest rainbow tints are faint,
The brightest stars of heaven afford
A dim effusion of those rays
Of light, that round Jehovah blaze.
- 3 The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor from thy throne ;
And every frail and fickle beam,
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, compared to thee,
In thy own vast immensity.
- 4 But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love,
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

HYMN 3. C. M. [#]

Omnipresence of God.

- 1 **THERE's** not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is everywhere.
- 2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.
- 3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.
- 4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare ;
Nor think the mighty theme too vast,—
For God is everywhere.

HYMN 4. H. M. [#]

Great First Cause.

- 1 **THE** first almighty Cause,
Who did all things create,
Gave nature all her laws,
Unchangeable as fate,
The Source of life, the Spring of springs,
His praise all heaven and nature sings.
- 2 Where'er we cast our eyes,
With rapture we behold,

Below, or in the skies,
 Wonders that can't be told :
 In nature's book, in every line,
 His wisdom and perfections shine.

3 On him all worlds depend,
 To him all bend the knee ;
 But none can comprehend
 The boundless Deity.
 He fills all space, lives everywhere,
 Sustains the whole, makes all his care.

HYMN 5. L. P. M. [#]

God in Nature.

- 1 GREAT GOD, the heaven's well-ordered frame
 Declares the glories of thy name ;
 There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks, appear
 Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
 With silent eloquence, they raise
 Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Wide as the circuit of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice ;
 The sun, in robes of splendour dressed,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Moves round, and makes the earth rejoice.

- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He speaks the majesty of God ;
All nature joins to show his praise :
Thus God in every creature shines,
Bright in the book of nature's lines,
But brighter in the book of grace.

HYMN 6. L. M. [*]

Voice of Nature.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The golden sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;—
- 4 While all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice.

1 *

Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 7. L. M. [#]

Sovereign Creator.

- 1 **BEFORE** Jehovah's royal throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is his command,
Vast as eternity his love;
Firm as a rock his truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 8. C. M. [#]

Infinity of God.

- 1 **GREAT** GOD, how infinite art thou!
How weak and frail are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made;

Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

HYMN 9. C. P. M. [#]

Love of God.

- 1 My God, thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And all the earth o'erflow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

HYMN 10. L. M. [#]

Majesty of God.

- 1 To God all nature owes its birth ;
He formed this ponderous globe of earth ;
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measured out the azure sky.
- 2 He sits enthroned amidst the spheres,
And glory, like a garment, wears ;
While boundless wisdom, power and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.
- 3 'Tis he who bids the tempests rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies ;
His voice the elements obey ;
Wide o'er the earth extends his sway.
- 4 In every work and way divine,
Omnipotence and wisdom shine ;
And goodness fixes still the end,
To which they all, unvarying, tend.
- 5 His power we trace on every side ;
O, may his wisdom be our guide ;
And while we live, and when we die,
May his almighty love be nigh

HYMN 11. L. M. [#]

Omniscience and Omnipresence.

- 1 **FATHER** of all, omniscient Mind,
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?
- 2 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise,
In splendour, there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 3 Thee, mighty God, my wondering soul,
Thee, all her conscious powers adore,
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 4 Thine essence fills this breathing frame;
It glows in every vital part,
Lights up our souls with livelier flame,
And feeds with life each beating heart.
- 5 To thee, from whom our being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven we know,
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee our grateful strains shall flow.

HYMN 12. L. M. [#]

Greatness and Glory of God.

- 1 How great is our Creator, God,
In wisdom, majesty and might,
When he displays his power abroad,
And brings his wonders forth to light.

- 2 Behold, what cloudy columns rise,
Terrific as the shades of night !
What peals of thunder rend the skies !
The lightning, how sublimely bright !
- 3 How dreadful is the threatening hail !
Approaching tempests, O how grand !
What terror doth the mind assail,
When deep convulsions shake the land !
- 4 The seas with hollow murmurs groan,
The bowels of the mountains flame ;
The elements, affrighted, own
The awful greatness of thy name.
- 5 Almighty God, thy chariot wheels
In solemn pomp and grandeur roll ;
Thy presence trembling nature feels,
And humble reverence fills the soul.
-

GENERAL PRAISE.

HYMN 13. L. M. [#]

Universal Praise.

- 1 CELESTIAL worlds, your Maker's name
Resound through every shining coast ;
Our God the noblest praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.
- 2 Stupendous globe of flaming day,
Praise him in thy sublime career ;

- He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Marked out thy path, and guides thee there.
- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given
Night's sable horrors to illume,
Praise him who hung you high in heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.
- 4 Lightnings, that round Jehovah play,
Thunders, that from his arm are hurled,
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.
- 5 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise :
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills immensity of space.

HYMN 14. 7 & 6 M. [#]

Praise to Jehovah.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show ;
Praise him for his noble deeds ;
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim ;
Praise him, every tuneful string ;
All the reach of heavenly art,

All the powers of music, bring,
The music of the heart.

- 3 Him, in whom they move and live
Let every creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King :
Hallowed be his name beneath ;
As in heaven on earth adored ;
Praise the Lord in every breath :
Let all things praise the Lord

HYMN 15. C. M. [#]

Triumphant Praise.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Whilst angels shout his lofty praise,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth their voices raise ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;
He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

HYMN 16. H. M. [#]

Grateful Praise.

- 1 To your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise :
Let every voice
Proclaim his power,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.
- 2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sovereign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray,
From morn to night,
With every beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.
- 3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise, in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain,
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.
- 4 Let all the creatures join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist the lofty theme ;

Let nature raise,
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise.

- 5 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow :
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest ;
Above the rest
Declare his praise.

HYMN 17. C. P. M. [#]

General Praise.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the lofty lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise thy Maker's name ;
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the glad'ning theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
Ye thunders, speak his power ;
Lo ! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings ;
Astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise,
To join the thunder of the skies ;
Praise him who bids you roll :

His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

- 4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ :
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN 18. L. M. [#]

Praise.

- 1 Now to the Lord, who built the skies,
Let grateful songs of praise arise ;
By all that dwell beneath the sun,
Now be his grace in concert sung.
- 2 Far as the rolling planets move
He spreads his mercy and his love ;
Through every land, and every clime,
The wonders of his goodness shine.
- 3 So let his praises be expressed,
From north to south, from east to west,
And every living thing adore-
His name while sun and moon endure.

HYMN 19. C. P. M. [#]

Creating and redeeming Love.

- 1 YE angels, that surround the throne,
Where your Creator's name is known,
Through all the realms above,

Your greatest skill in praising try,
And all your golden harps employ,
To sing creating love.

- 2 But, O, ye children of his love,
By mercy called to mount above,
From sin and sorrow too ;
Let angels to your songs give place,
For you can sing redeeming grace,—
A song forever new.

- 3 And when ye take the sacred book,
And at each precious promise look,
Of universal grace,
'Tis there the joyful day ye view,
When every gentile, with the Jew,
Shall see his Saviour's face.

HYMN 20. C. M. [#]

Truth and Mercy.

- 1 To thee, my God, my heart shall bring
The lively, grateful song ;
Attending crowds shall hear me sing,
With rapture on my tongue.
- 2 Amidst the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines ;
A faithful God thy words proclaim
In everlasting lines.
- 3 The righteous God looks kindly down
On pious, humble souls ;
But from afar his piercing frown
The sons of pride controls.

- 4 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil,
To thee the work belongs:
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs.

HYMN 21. H. M. [#]

Creating, preserving and redeeming Love.

- 1 LET all created things
Their cheerful voices raise,
And own the King of kings
With thankful songs of praise.
Creating love
Should loud be sung,
Through every world,
By every tongue.
- 2 Let angels, round the throne,
In joyful ranks above,
His power and goodness own,
And his preserving love ;
With thankful tongues
His praise proclaim,
And drop their crowns
To shout his name.
- 3 Let Adam's favoured race,
Wherever they may be,
Shout the Redeemer's grace,
And to him bow the knee :
He died for all,
And, to restore
All things, he rose
To die no more.

HYMN 22. L. M. [#]

Mercy and Truth.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercy ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more
- 3 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He saw the gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet
And leads us to his heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

HYMN 23. L. M. [#]

God is Love.

- 1 **WHEN** my astonished eyes behold
My Maker's works, below, above,
And read his name in lines of gold,
I surely know that God is love.
- 2 When I observe his written word,
His promises of grace I prove ;
With joyful heart I praise the Lord,
For Scripture saith that God is love.
- 3 What gentle streams of pleasure roll !
What quickening from the mystic Dove !
Now peace divine fills all my soul,
And I can shout, My God is love.
- 4 Now heavenly courage I'll put on,
For far away my fear is drove ;
I'll bow before the living Son,
And loud proclaim, My God is love.

HYMN 24. C. M. [#]

Victorious Grace.

- 1 **JOIN** every heart and every tongue,
And sing Jehovah's praise ;
Come, shout the wonders of his love,
The victories of his grace !
- 2 Far as the circuit of the sun
He makes his mercy known ;
To every soul through every land
He sends its blessings down.

- 3 So let his highest praise be sung,
By all, through every clime,
While moon and stars reflect their light,
Or suns propitious shine.

HYMN 25. S. M. [#]

Restoring Grace.

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead on the throne ;
Mercy and Justice are the names
By which he will be known.
- 2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To his restoring grace.
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousness and strength are found
In him, the Lord, alone.
- 4 In him shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven :
Our God will make the gentiles just,
And take the saints to heaven.

HYMN 26. L. M. [#]

Blessings in Nature.

- 1 GREAT GOD, at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise ;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh-opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 Aloft, full-beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys,
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.
- 4 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
At thy command they rise, to yield
The strengthening bread, or cheering wine.
- 5 Indulgent God, from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see, we taste ; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

HYMN 27. L. M. [#]

Seed-time and Harvest.

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice ;
Both in their turns thy power display,
And, laden with thy gifts, rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show ;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich, diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares,
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.

- 4 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain ;
There, plenty every charm displays ;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

HYMN 28. C. M. [#]

Blessings of God in Nature.

- 1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God, still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

HYMN 29. C. M. [#]

Blessings of Providence and Redemption.

- 1 **THY** goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore—
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the gospel seen ;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

HYMN 30. L. M. [#]

Divine Guidance and Protection.

- 1 **THY** ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

- 3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way ;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favoured soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN 31. C. M. [#]

Merciful Designs in apparent Evils.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take ;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 32. L. M. [#]

Divine Protection.

- 1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till every cloud be overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry ;
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 My heart is fixed ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to his name :
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

- 5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN 33. L. M. [#]

Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 Now to our God let praises rise
From all that dwell below the skies;
Throughout the earth his love proclaim,
With joys eternal in his name.
- 2 We are the people of his care,
His sheep, who feed in pastures fair;
The objects of his tender love,
Supplied with blessings from above.
- 3 Then to his earthly temple come,
And raise the anthem and the song;
Let gratitude the lay inspire,
The bosom glow with sacred fire:—
- 4 For God in endless goodness reigns,
And mercy, truth and love maintains;
Nor time, nor years, nor measured space,
Confines the blessings of his grace.

HYMN 34. H. M. [#]

Universal Praise.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise;

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

- 2 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King ;
And, while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing ;
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

- 3 Virgins and youth, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join :
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

- 4 Let all the nations fear
The God that reigns above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love .
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

HYMN 35. L. M. [#]

The Creator's Praise.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

HYMN 36. L. M. [#]

Thanksgiving.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy, record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Lo, the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

- 5 But, O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns a Saviour's love !
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture, soar ;
There, in the land of praise, adore :
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 37. P. M. [#]

Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord,
Speak well of his name,
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim.
To God, their Creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving
The chorus of praise.
- 2 Though, hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works,
Their Author is known :
The world shines a mirror
Its Maker to show,
And heaven is seen in
Its image below.
- 3 And man, his last work,
With reason endued,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renewed,

3.*

To God, his Creator,
With joy, let him raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise.

HYMN 38. C. M. [#]

Divine Guardianship.

- 1 GREAT GOD, to thee my grateful tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise :
Inspire my heart to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.
- 2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital powers ;
My time revolves at thy command
In all its circling hours.
- 3 Thy power, my ever-present guard,
From every ill defends ;
While numerous dangers hover round,
My help from thee descends.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is my repose !
Thy morning light renews the springs
From which my comfort flows.
- 5 In celebration of thy praise
I will employ my breath,
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

HYMN 39. L. M. [#]

Source of Goodness.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with joy and mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Rejoice, for he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which on his bounty feed.
- 3 O, enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless :—
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
'To endless ages shall endure.

HYMN 40. C. M. [#]

God's manifold Goodness.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious man,
Where wisdom, power and goodness shine
In mercy's wondrous plan,—
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe ;
We love, and we adore ;
The holy angels never saw
So much of God before.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 41. 6. 4. M. [#]

Power of Divine Light.

- 1 MAY all our powers of mind,
To God, our Father kind,
An anthem raise ;
Whose cloud of glory bright,
With beams of heavenly light,
Dispels the gloom of night :
O sing his praise.
- 2 The God of truth and grace
Unveils his radiant face,
And breaks the power
Of superstition's chain ;

His grace shall ever reign,
And righteousness maintain,
While we adore.

- 3 As morning's opening ray
Drives darkness far away,
Behold, his love
Our night of sin illumines,
Our hatred all consumes,
Each heart with grace perfumes,
In courts above.

HYMN 42. S. M. [#]

Shepherd and Guide.

- 1 WHILE God my Father's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear ;
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest ;
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine !
- 5 Great Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;

To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 43. C. M. [#]

Manifold Blessings.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** lives ; and be his name
By every heart adored !
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord !
- 2 He is our Rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower ;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.
- 3 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
We give Jehovah praise ;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our Redeemer raise.
- 4 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise :
We'll spread his power and mercy round,
And songs of honour raise.

HYMN 44. C. M. [#]

God's Superintendency.

- 1 God reigns ; events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide ;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.
- 2 Weak mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest ;

Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain ;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And send the genial rain.

4 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform ;
The sun shines bright at thy command ;
Thy hand directs the storm.

5 In all our ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power ;
Intrusting to thy care, alone,
The lot of every hour.

HYMN 45. P. M. [#]

God our Redeemer.

1 HIGH o'er the heaven of heavens I saw, and
trembled,
O God of gods, thy robes of sacred splendour !
Thunders cherubic shouting ; Holy ! holy !
Lord God Almighty !

2 Drop down, ye heavens, and pour a flood of glory ;
Ye shades of death, the dawn of life approaches ;
Mortals shall learn the music of thy thunders,
Infinite Goodness !

3 Rise from the dust, arrayed in godlike beauty,
O Solyma ! immortal joys await thee :
See thy lost race, burst from their chains of darkness,
Crowned with salvation.

4 Nations unborn shall throng thy flaming portals ;
Heaven's bright immortals shout o'er night expiring,
And hail the morn that lifts her smiling eyelids,
No more to slumber.

5 Shout, ye loud winds, the universal triumph ;
Sing to the world, thy God, thy God descendeth,
Lifts his high hand, and swears, I live for ever,
Live, thy Redeemer !

HYMN 46. 6 l. L. M. [#]

Divine Glories.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

HYMN 47. H. M. [#]

Divine Glory.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty.
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His truth and justice stand
 To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name,
 I love his word ;

Join, all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN 48. P. M. [#]

Jehovah reigns.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** reigns ! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow, with holy fear :
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And all the peopled earth his praise proclaim ;
Wide, and more wide, the homage still extending
Through boundless space, and ages never ending.
- 2 He rules, with wide and absolute command,
O'er the wild ocean and the steadfast land ;
Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne :
He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
Usurp the honours of the sole Creator.
- 3 He bade the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night ;
His spirit hushed the elemental strife,
And fed the kindling flame of nature's life ;
Seasons and months began their long procession,
And measured o'er the year in bright succession.

HYMN 49. 7's M. [#]

Glory to God.

- 1 **GLORY** be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky :
Lift your voice, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call.

- 2 God his sovereign sway maintains ;
King o'er all the earth he reigns :
All to him lift up their eye ;
Every want his hands supply.
- 3 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine ;
Emulate the heavenly powers ;
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 4 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him, let all our hearts adore ;
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high !

HYMN 50. 7's M. [#]

Supreme Adoration.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be ;
All shall join in harmony ;
And through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to thee shall ever sound.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored !

HYMN 51. C. M. [#]

Divine Perfections celebrated.

- 1 THE glories, Lord, thy works proclaim,
Our pious wonder raise ;
Thy Word still more reveals thy name,
And more exalts thy praise.
- 2 Thy mercies, far beyond the bounds
Of earth and heaven extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.
- 3 Thy righteousness maintains its throne,
Though mountains sink to dust ;
Thy judgments are a deep unknown,
Yet always wise and just.
- 4 Unbounded is thy goodness, Lord !
How bright its wonders shine !
Of present, past, and future good,
The glory all be thine.

HYMN 52. C. M. [#]

Gratitude for divine Mercies.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer. .

- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 4 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently cleared my way,
And saved me from those scenes of vice
Where thousands go astray.

HYMN 53. L. M. [#]

Preserving Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL God, we bless thy name;
The same thy power, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and close, and crown the year.
- 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidst ten thousand deaths we stand,
And see, when we survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thine arm has led us on,
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And, whilst we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful voice, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, within thy courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN 54. 11's. M. [#]

God our Shepherd and Guardian.

- 1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide;

Whatever we want he will kindly provide :
His care and protection his flock will surround ;
To them will his mercies forever abound.

- 2 The Lord is our Shepherd ; what, then, shall we fear ?

Shall dangers affrighten us while he is near ?
O, no : when he calls us we'll walk through the vale,
The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

- 3 Afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay :
We know by thy guidance, when once it is past
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

- 4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long ;
His name will we praise, while he lends to us
breath,
Be joyful through life, and resigned in our death.

HYMN 55. C. M. [#]

Divine Protection.

- 1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand !
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

- 2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word ;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe, at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 56. 8 & 7. M. [#]

Praise.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May not mortals lisp thy name ?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and worthy praise,—
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought,—
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,

Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;
Glory to thy gentle reign.

- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Beams with brightness all along ;
Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
Who can sing this glorious song ?

HYMN 57. C. M. [#]

God our Guide.

- 1 O THOU, by whose all-bounteous hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through life's weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;—
- 2 To thee our humble vow we raise ;
To thee address our prayer ;
And in thy kind and faithful hand,
Deposit all our care.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant Guide ;
If thou wilt daily food supply,
And raiment wilt provide ;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's safe abode
Our souls arrive in peace ;—
- 5 To thee, as to our Maker, God,
Ourselves we will resign ;
And count that all on earth we have,
And e'en our life, is thine.

HYMN 58. L. M. [#]

Ascriptions of Praise.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
Reveals his kindest promises.
- 3 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! the mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 4 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what Jehovah saith;
To hear the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 5 Then, should the earth's firm pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

HYMN 59. L. P. M. [#]

Unfailing Source of Good.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, in cheerful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs,
Whose goodness still unceasing flows;

- Repeat his name with grateful mind,
Who, ever good and ever kind,
No change nor variation knows.
- 2 Sovereign alone of earth and sky,
On thee, for every hour's supply,
Thy various creatures all depend ;
Man, whom thy light has made to know
The source whence all his blessings flow,
Views in his God his kindest friend.
- 3 Yet still our notes we'll higher raise,
To celebrate in ardent praise
Eternal life through Jesus given ;
Thy gracious messenger he came,—
Eternal glory to thy name !—
And pointed out the way to heaven.

HYMN 60. S. M. [#]

The Works of God invite our Praise.

- 1 WHEN we survey this world,
With all its beauteous frame,
Its great Creator we adore,
And celebrate his name.
- 2 The sun in every beam
Proclaims the God above ;
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the world in love.
- 3 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow,
In every twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honour show.

- 4 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise ;
And O, that every living soul
Would songs of honour raise !
- 5 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine ;
And while in praise our tongues can move,
That praise, O Lord, be thine !

HYMN 61. L. M. [#]

Sacred Rest.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 When shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In an eternal world of joy ?

HYMN 62. C. M. [#]

Wisdom and Grace.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God :
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise its Maker's mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts designed.
- 4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
- 5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

HYMN 63. C. M. [#]

Spread of spiritual Blessings.

- 1 THE common Parent, Lord of all,
Who sits enthroned above,
With perfect wisdom rules the world,
And with impartial love.

- 2 Soon may his name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God !
- 3 The day will come, the happy day,—
Such his eternal will,—
When light, and truth, and grace divine,
The spacious earth shall fill.
- 4 God will diffuse the blessings round,
So richly scattered here,
Till the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

HYMN 64. L. M. [#]

Sovereign Favours.

- 1 Mr God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;

And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

- 5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

HYMN 65. L. M. [#]

The Seasons.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of Nature roll,
'Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Till we those lofty heights explore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 66. C. M. [#]

Goodness crowns the Year.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

HYMN 67. L. M. [#]

God of the Seasons.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** bids the morning ray
Smile in the east, and bring the day :
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 2 **Seasons** and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 3 'Tis from his watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty land supply ;
His silent dews enrich the ground,
And shed the hopes of harvest round.
- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field ;
Abundant fruit the valleys yield ;
The vales resound with cheerful voice,
Till distant hills repeat their joys.
- 5 His works pronounce his power divine ;
On every field his glories shine ;
Through every month his gifts appear,
And joy and goodness crown the year.

HYMN 68. C. M. [#]

God rules the Seasons.

- 1 **With** songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

- 2 He sends his showers of blessing down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the wood the mountains crown,
And grass in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 He sends his sun to melt the snow,—
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer winds to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his sovereign word ;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

HYMN 69. S. M. [#]

Blessings of Spring.

- 1 Good is the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, when raised on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The valleys rich provision yield ;
The joyful labourers sing.

- 4 The hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers :
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
The thirsty grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The months thy goodness crowns ;
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

HYMN 70. 6 l. L. M. [#]

The Seasons.

- 1 Look through creation, and behold
The wonders of Almighty power,
Eternal wisdom's works unfold
In every leaf, in every flower :
There is a God, all good, all wise,
The very meanest insect cries.
- 2 Seasons, revolving in their spheres,
A thousand rural beauties bring ;
But loveliest of the group appears
The green-dressed beauty, charming Spring ;
The music of whose morning voice
Bids all the sons of earth rejoice.
- 3 Winter is death, when Nature mourns
To see her offspring lifeless lie ;
Summer and Autumn weep, by turns,
To see their children droop and die ;

But Spring revives their hopes again,
And breathes new life through every vein.

- 4 How emblematic of that day,
The glorious resurrection morn,
When, decked in brighter robes than May,
In robes that angel hosts adorn,
The soul, redeemed, shall burst its tomb,
And in immortal glory bloom !

GOD'S WORKS PRAISE HIM.

HYMN 71. H. M. [#]

Glory of God's Works.

- 1 YE realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing ;
Let boundless honours rise
To heaven's eternal King.
O, bless his name, whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.
- 2 Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth ;
His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.
- 3 'Tis he the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide ;

'Tis he old ocean bounds,
 And heaves her roaring tide ;
 He swells the tempests on the main,
 Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

4 Still let the waters roar,
 As round the earth they roll ;
 His praise for evermore
 They sound, from pole to pole.
 'Tis Nature's wild, unconscious song,
 O'er thousand waves, that floats along.

5 His praise, ye worlds on high,
 Display, with all your spheres,
 Amid the darksome sky,
 When silent night appears.
 O, let his works declare his name
 Through all the universal frame !

HYMN 72. S. M. [#]

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 ALMIGHTY MAKER, God,
 How wondrous is thy name !
 Thy glories how diffused abroad
 Through all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays ;
 In thousand forms her ways express
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too :
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the homage due.

- 4 In joy, O, let me spend
 The remnant of my days ;
 And oft to God my soul ascend
 In grateful songs of praise !

HYMN 73. C. M. [#]

Works of God.

- 1 Lo, what a speaking lustre shines
 In all the works of God ;
 His wisdom writ in fairest lines,
 His power declared abroad.
- 2 The heavens, adorned with moon and stars,
 Express his glorious skill ;
 The day his strong impression bears ;
 The night attends his will.
- 3 Their language through the earth is heard :
 One all-extending voice
 Proclaims the cheering, peaceful word,
 Which bids the earth rejoice.
- 4 Behold yon glowing, radiant sun,
 Great source of blissful light,
 Rejoicing, while, his course to run,
 He sheds effulgence bright !
- 5 Such is thy law, O God of grace,
 Which renovates the soul ;
 A law of love, and truth, and peace,
 That makes the wounded whole.
- 6 Nor shall its moral light grow dim,
 Or ever fade away ;
 The present, gentle, rising beam
 Shall shed a boundless day.

HYMN 74. C. M. [#]

Grandeur of God's Works.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
Who fill the realms above ;
Praise him who formed you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil the lustre of your eyes
Before a brighter God.
- 3 Thou central globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
- 4 Blush, and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names ;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his exhaustless flames.
- 5 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

HYMN 75. C. M. [#]

God controls the Seas.

- 1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves ;
The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed :
Now to their eyes the port appears ;
There let their vows be paid.
- 5 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord,
And those who see thy wondrous ways
Thy wondrous love record !

HYMN 76. L. M. [#]

Protection of God on the Deep.

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,—
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind ;
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
Which heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :

His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

- 4 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

HYMN 77. L. M. [#]

Trust in God on the Ocean.

- 1 THOSE who go down upon the waves,
And, mournful, quit their native land,
Where tempests howl, and ocean laves,
Behold the wonders of God's hand.
- 2 When bounding o'er the foaming main,
Where billows rise, and storms prevail,
They learn to trust his mighty name,
Whose mercy breathes in every gale.
- 3 The waves that roar, the winds that rise,
Display his power in awful form ;
He plants his bow in yonder skies,
And smiles above the threatening storm.
- 4 There is no spot in all the world,
Earth, ocean, or the sky above,
Where foot is set, or sail unfurled,
Deserted by the eye of Love.

HYMN 78. C. M. [#]

Universal Goodness of God.

- 1 LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind :

**Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.**

- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thine infinite good will ;
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.**
- 3 It fills the wide, extended main,
And heavens, which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.**
- 4 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through all its parts :
O may such love attract our eyes,
And captivate our hearts !**
- 5 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affection move ;
Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.**

HYMN 79. C. M. [#]

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.**
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.**

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food :
He formed the creatures by his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known :
The clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

HYMN 80. C. M. [#]

Creation and Providence.

- 1 LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak thy hand divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.
- 4 All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food

From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless Spring of good !

HYMN 81. S. M. [#]

Obligation to Gratitude and Praise.

- 1 **My Maker, and my King,**
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 **Thou ever good and kind,**
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 **Thy goodness, like the sun,**
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.
- 4 **The creature of thy hand,**
On thee alone I live :
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.
- 5 **O let thy grace inspire**
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN 82. L. M. [#]

God the intellectual Light.

- 1 **PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,**
With uncreated glories bright :

His presence gilds the worlds above,
The Source supreme of light and love.

- 2 He sees the mind when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 3 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine ;
There be thy brighter beams revealed.
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 4 Thine image, on my soul impressed,
In radiant lines shall stand confessed ;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING GOD.

HYMN 83. C. M. [#]

God everywhere a Refuge.

- 1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
 Makes every region please ;
 The hoary, frozen hills it warms,
 And smooths the boisterous seas.
- 4 The storm was laid, the winds retired,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roared at thy command,
 At thy command was still.
- 5 In midst of dangers and of death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

HYMN 84. S. M. [#]

Reliance on God a Remedy for Care.

- 1 How gracious is our God !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.
- 2 Since he forever reigns,
 We may securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears all nature up
 Shall guide his children well.
- 3 O why should anxious thoughts
 Oppress the sinking mind ?
 Go, fall before your Father's throne,
 And sweet relief you'll find.
- 4 Devoutly fear his name,
 And know no other fear ;

In every scene of life and death
Your Helper will be near.

HYMN 85. C. M. [#]

God's Foreknowledge considered.

- 1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before the Lord !
Whate'er his mighty hand has formed
He governs with a word.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 If light attend the course we go,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.
- 4 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love,
We would not wish to know
What, in the book of thy decrees,
Awaits us here below.
- 5 Be this alone our fervent prayer :
Whate'er our lot shall be,
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form
Our souls for heaven and thee.

HYMN 86. L. M. [#]

Waiting upon God.

- 1 WAIT, every soul, your Maker's will ;
Unhallowed passions, all be still ;

Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2 Thick darkness round his throne he draws,
His work performs. conceals the cause ;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And, by his saints, it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, each soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 87. C. M. [#]

Early and constant Care of God.

- 1 ALMIGHTY FATHER, gracious Lord
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care ;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But, O ! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

- 4 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

HYMN 88. L. M. [#]

Confidence in the Lord.

- 1 Thy presence, ever-living God,
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;
And, when apart, we joy to share
Thy counsels and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace:
O, let thy face upon us shine;
Still guard and guide us, Lord, as thine.
- 4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

HYMN 89. C. M. [#]

Humble Adoration.

- 1 ETERNAL POWER, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

- 2** Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3** Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These shades of sin and wo?
- 4** While golden harps and angel-tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and mean thy praise.

HYMN 90. L. M. [b or #]

Humble Worship.

- 1** GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise?
- 2** Man, O how far removed below!
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night,
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.
- 3** But, see! the bright, the morning star,
Rising, shall chase the shades away;
His beams, resplendent from afar,
Promise a sweet, immortal day.
- 4** To him our longing eyes we raise,
Our Guide to thee, the great Unknown?

Through him, O may our humble praise
Accepted rise before thy throne.

HYMN 91. C. M. [#]

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before the radiant throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King :
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of glory sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

HYMN 92. C. M. [# or b]

Sincere Devotion acceptable.

- 1 God is a Spirit just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind :
In vain to Heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With honour can appear :

- The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God rejects the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 93. S. M. [#]

God's Mercy to the Penitent.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast :
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

HYMN 94. L. M. [#]

The all-seeing God.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

HYMN 95. 8 & 7's. M. [#]

Thanksgiving for Divine Mercy.

- 1 **SOVEREIGN** Lord of light and glory,
Author of our mortal frame,
Joyfully we bow before thee,
And extol thy holy name :
Hallelujah !
Ever sacred be the theme !
- 2 **Kind** Dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race,
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace :
Hallelujah !
Praise to God, immortal praise !
- 3 **Thus**, with humble adoration,
We attend before thy throne,
And, with grateful exultation,
Thine abundant mercy own :
Hallelujah !
Praise belongs to thee alone.
- 4 In thy every dispensation,
Love and mercy we descry ;
Thou, the God of our salvation,
To preserve us, still art nigh :
Hallelujah !
Glory be to God on high.

HYMN 96. L. M. [#]

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light,
Fountain of reason, Judge of right,
Parent of good, whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below ;
- 2 Without thy kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost.
- 3 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that bright, that mental flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim,
And with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father, grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

HYMN 97. H. M. [#]

Prayer and Confidence.

- 1 LORD of the skies, look down,
And hearken to our prayers ;
Shine from thy gracious throne,
And chase away our fears :

Then to thy name a song we'll raise,
And every note shall swell with praise.

2 Enlighten every mind,
Fill every heart with grace ;
May every spirit find
That God is in the place :
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And every note shall swell with praise.

3 Hark ! hark ! 'tis Jesus' voice ;
O, listen to his word ;
He says, Ye saints, rejoice,
For all your prayers are heard :
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And every note shall swell with praise.

4 Soon shall the Saviour give
Our souls their full desire ;
And we with him shall live,
And all his grace admire :
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And every note shall swell with praise.

HYMN 98. L. M. [#]

Prayer and Faith.

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our expanded souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length .
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the world, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 99. C. M. [#]

Universal Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all, whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
Through every age let praise ascend,
And every clime adore.
- 2 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal destruction round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 4 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath ;
Lord, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.
- 5 This day be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not ;
And let thy will be done.
- 6 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise ;
All nature's incense rise.

HYMN 100. C. M. [#]

Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **FATHER** in heaven, thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung ;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth—
Thy praise fill every tongue.
- 2 By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done,
So be thy perfect will obeyed
By all beneath the sun.
- 3 Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply ;
O grant, each day, our daily bread,
Nor other good deny.
- 4 Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do ;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.
- 5 Thou art our Safety and Defence,
When dangers threatening stand ;
O turn aside impending ills
With thy almighty hand.
- 6 Thy sceptre all creation sways ;
Thy power knows no control ;
Thy matchless glory shall endure
While endless ages roll.

7 *

HYMN 101. L. M. [b]

Penitent Prayer.

- 1 **GREAT GOD**, whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion of my soul,
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And, O, let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the sacrifice I bring.
- 3 Let peace with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will,
While hope and holy faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal :
- 4 That wisdom, which to meekness turns,—
Wisdom, descending from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

**PRAYER, KNOWLEDGE, AND SELF-
GOVERNMENT.**

HYMN 102. C. M. [#]

Supplication.

To thee, O God, my prayer ascends,
But not for golden stores ;

- Nor covet I the brightest gems
Which deck the Eastern shores ;
- 2 Nor that deluding, empty joy
Men call a mighty name ,
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame ;
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
My fond desires allure ;
But nobler things than these, from thee,
My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of joys to come
My best affections move,—
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love

HYMN 103. C. M. [#]

Value of Knowledge.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to learn his name,
True life, to do his will.

- 4 For this I long, for this I pray ;
This let me still pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

HYMN 104. C. M. [b or #]

Prayer.

- 1 Now may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call :
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise,
And showers abundant fall.
- 2 On thee, our God, we all depend
For life, and health; and food ;
O make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.
- 3 The evil and the just partake
These bounties of thy hand ;
Nor will a God of love forsake
This long-protected land.
- 4 Let grace come down like copious rain
On Zion's drooping field ;
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield.
- 5 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise,
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays.

HYMN 105. L. M. [#]

Self-Government.

- 1 O THOU, whose scales the mountains weigh,
Whose will the raging seas obey,
Who canst the boisterous winds control,
Subdue the tumults of my soul.
- 2 May I with equal mind sustain
My lot of pleasure and of pain ;
May joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.
- 3 Do thou my passions, Lord, restrain,
And in my soul unrivalled reign ;
Then, with whatever loads oppressed,
Centred in thee, my soul shall rest.

HYMN 106. S. M. [#]

Aspiring after God.

- 1 MY GOD, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my earnest cries prevail
To taste thy love divine :
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with this,—
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not all that earth and sense can yield,
So pure a pleasure give.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

HYMN 107. L. M. [#]

Prayer for Blessings.

1 IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.

2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old ;
Relieve the poor,—nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.

4 Let joyful souls still taste thy grace ;
Give to the mourners heavenly day ;
Sustain the strong ; and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay

HYMN 108. 10s. M. [#]

Divine Light implored.

- 1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds pre-
sides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man, in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest :
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we
tend ;
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.
-

PRAYER AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 109. H. M. [#]

Delight in Public Worship.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are !
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !

O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

HYMN 110. C. M. [#]

Close of Service.

1 COME, all ye saints that love the Lord,
With melody divine,
Tune every harp in sweet accord,
And all in concert join.

2 Proclaim abroad your sacred joy
To earth's remotest bounds ;
In heavenly notes your tongues employ,
In symphony of sounds.

3 Let every doubt and slavish fear
Be banished from the mind ;
While joyful songs our spirits cheer,
We'll trust the Lord is kind.

4 Then let our joyful songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We'll travel through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 111. L. M. [#]

Opening of Service.

- 1 O God of grace, before thy throne,
Thy suppliants bow with holy fear ;
Those thou art pleased to call thy own
Invoke thy sacred presence here.
- 2 Kind Source of light, thy blessing grant ;
Bestow on us thy cheering rays ;
Supply our varied mental want,
And thus inspire our hearts to praise.
- 3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
To dissipate the darksome gloom ;
Sweet emanation of thy love,
To these desiring bosoms come.
- 4 Give to thy word successful course,
And spread the triumphs of thy name ;
May truth exhibit all her force,
And put the lying lip to shame.
- 5 And, while we worship at thy feet,
Where prostrate angels do adore,
Give us in fellowship to meet,
To sing thy grace, and speak thy power.

HYMN 112. L. M. [#]

God's Assistance in Worship.

- 1 GRANT us a visit, dearest Lord,
In gentle streams of grace descend ;
Open the treasures of thy word,
From every sin thy church defend.

- 2 Thy branches bend, thou living Vine,
Clusters of fruit to us impart :
O may our joys be all divine,
May heavenly love fill every heart !
- 3 In unity may we abound,
Thy wisdom with our zeal combine,
And joyful sing on heavenly ground,
And keep the golden path divine.
- 4 O may our worship, Lord, to-day,
Accepted be in Jesus' name ;
Whether we preach, or sing, or pray,
May love be all the sacred flame.

HYMN 113. C. M. [#]

Prayer.

- 1 O THOU, whose power the mountains formed,
And made the sea its bed ;
Who sat the raging waves their bound,
And all their caverns hid ;
- 2 The mountains thy commands obey ;
The seas thy power confess ;
Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
And every dark recess.
- 3 O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
Wilt thou thy hand extend,
And to thy gracious, pardoning word,
Their lofty summits bend.
- 4 And, o'er the raging seas of guilt,
May thy rich grace abound,

While in the blood which Jesus spilt
Each angry wave is drowned.

- 5 In darkest caverns of the heart
Wilt thou thy light display,
And to the mental eye impart
Thy own eternal day.

HYMN 114. C. M. [#]

Prayer.

- 1 LORD, from thy holy hill descend,
And bless thy children here ;
From doubts and unbelief defend,
And banish all our fear.
- 2 May sacred streams from thy right hand
Flow gently in our way ;
And, by thine all-preserving hand,
Forbid our feet to stray.
- 3 With single eyes may we behold
The beauties of thy grace ;
To us thy mysteries unfold ;
Reveal thy lovely face.
- 4 O make this day a jubilee,
Make known thy sacred word ;
From bondage set thy captives free,
That they may love thee, Lord.

HYMN 115. H. M. [#]

Success of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee we pray ;
Show thy refulgent face,

Sinners convert to thee,
 And save them by thy grace ·
 The gospel to all nations send,
 And let them know the sinner's Friend.

2 When thoughtless mortals feel
 The great Jehovah's rod,
 'Then to their souls reveal
 The mercy of a God :
 The gospel to all nations send,
 And let them know the sinner's Friend.

3 Turn the self-righteous train
 From their delusive dreams ;
 Cause them to fly from sin,
 And wash in Calvary's streams :
 The gospel to all nations send,
 And let them know the sinner's Friend.

HYMN 116. 7's. M. [# or b]

Prayer for young Persons.

- 1 Now may fervent prayer arise,
 Winged with faith, and reach the skies ;
 Fervent prayer will bring us down
 Gracious answers from the throne.
- 2 Let the minds of all our youth
 Feel the force of sacred truth ;
 While the gospel call they hear,
 May they learn to love and fear.
- 3 Where thou hast thy work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run ;
 Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears ;
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.

- 4 Bless us all, both old and young ;
 Call forth praise from every tongue ;
 Let the whole assembly prove
 All thy power and all thy love.

HYMN 117. 8 & 7's. M. [b]

Fount of Blessings.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Sacred mount, O fix me on it,—
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 3 Here I find my richest treasure ;
 Hither by thy grace I'm come,
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering soul to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God of love ;

Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,—
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 118. C. M. [#]

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT God of grace, arise, and shine
With beams of heavenly light ;
From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.
- 2 Let no inferior being share
The honours due to thee ;
May every nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see.
- 3 No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod ;
No longer shed the blood of saints,
And plead a zeal for God.
- 4 With all its pure and native light,
Lord, may thy gospel shine ;
May error fly like noxious mists
Before this light divine.
- 5 While heavenly truth her charms reveals,
May love each breast inspire ;
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To quench this sacred fire.

HYMN 119. L. M. [#]

Uncharitable Judgment.

- 1 OMNISCIENT GOD, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;

- To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 3 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,
Whilst, faithful, we obey our light,
And, judging none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.
- 4 When shall our happy eyes behold
'Thy people, fashioned in thy mould ?
And charity our kindred prove
Derived from thee, O God of love ?

HYMN 120. S. M. [#]

Gospel Worship and Order.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

- 4 The order of thy house,
 The worship of thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent, and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die ;
 Will be our Guide whilst here below,
 Our God above the sky.

HYMN 121. H. M. [#]

Close of Service.

- 1 KIND Lord, before thy face
 Again, with joy, we bow,
 For all the gifts and grace
 Thou dost on us bestow :
 Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honours of thy name.
- 2 Here, in thine earthly house,
 Our joyful souls have met ;
 Here paid our solemn vows,
 And felt our union sweet :
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honours of thy name.
- 3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,
 Hath breathed a choice perfume ;
 Thy light, divinely spread,
 Hath broke the darksome gloom :

For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

4 Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come ;
And may our love increase
Till thou shalt guide us home :
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

HYMN 122. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

Close of Service.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O, refresh us, &c.
Travelling through this wilderness !

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
Ever faithful, &c.
To the truth may we be found !

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Christ in endless day !

HYMN 123. S. M. [#]

Close of Service.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 By his unfailing love,
His counsel, and his care,
Displayed in mercy from above,
He guards from every snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 There all his numerous sons
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To God, the only wise,
All majesty belongs ;
And be his power and grace adored
In everlasting songs !

HYMN 124. H. M. [# or b]

Confidence in God.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid,—
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :

God is the Tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears :
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there :
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

HYMN 125. S. M. [#]

Praise for Mercies.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, our souls,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 2 'Tis he forgives our sins ;
'Tis he relieves our pain ;
'Tis he that heals our sicknesses,
And gives us strength again.
- 3 He crowns our lives with love,
When rescued from the grave ;
He, who redeems our souls from death,
From every ill can save.
- 4 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And grace for the oppressed.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his anointed Son.

HYMN 126. L. M. [#]

Sabbatic Rest.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And let our songs and worship rise
Like grateful incense to the skies.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent and with strong desire
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
To veil the bright, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of death and sin !
Fain would we quit this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMN 127. L. M. [#]

Annual Convention.

- 1 DEAR Lord, behold thy servants, here,
From various parts, together meet,
To tell their labours through the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.
- 2 In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord,
We've toiled and wrought with watchful care ;
Thy wheat hath flourished by thy word,
Thy love consumed the choking tare.
- 3 The reapers cry, Thy fields are white,
And ready to be gathered in ;

The labourer shouts, with sweet delight,
This is the day to finish sin !

- 4 Lord, bless us while we here remain ;
With holy love thy servants fill ;
O may thy doctrine drop like rain,
And like the silent dew distil.
- 5 While we attend thy churches' care,
O grant us wisdom from above ;
With cautious steps and humble prayer,
May we fulfil the works of love.

HYMN 128. L. M. [#]

Where Multitudes meet.

- Now multitudes assembled are,
To bow before their Maker's throne ;
O may the Lord our souls prepare,
And make us all in union one.
- 2 Oft, when our Saviour dwelt below,
He preached where great assemblies were .
Then did his word like waters flow ;
He made the multitude his care.
- 3 No soul unfed did Christ dismiss,
But gave a full supply of food :
His power is still the same to bless,
And his provisions rich and good.
- 4 May Jesus rise in every heart,
With healing mercies in his wings ;
The bread of life to all impart,—
The grace which full salvation brings.

HYMN 129. L. M. [#]

Public Worship.

- 1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat ;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
For thou wilt cleanse the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives.

HYMN 130. L. M. [#]

Pleasures of Worship.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet and worship with thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate :
God is their Strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN 131. S. M. [#]

Solemn Call to Praise.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his work, and his alone ;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor more provoke his rod ;

Come, make his heavenly paths your choice,
And own your gracious God.

- 5 Thus you the joys will share,
Which from devotion rise ;
And heavenly grace your souls prepare
For bliss that never dies.

HYMN 132. L. M. [#]

Joys of God's House.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs :
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt me to desert thy door.
- 3 All needful grace wilt thou bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
Thy hand gives all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 4 O God, my King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

HYMN 133. C. P. M. [#]

Attendance on Worship.

- 1 I'll bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
9 *

With every morning light ;
 And, at the close of every day,
 To him my cheerful homage pay,
 Who guards me through the night.

- 2 Then in his churches to appear,
 And pay my humble worship there,
 Shall be my sweet employ :
 The day that saw my Saviour rise
 Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
 With pure and holy joy.
- 3 With grateful sorrow in my breast,
 I'll celebrate the dying feast
 Of my exalted Lord ;
 And, while his perfect love I view,
 His bright example I'll pursue,
 And meditate his word.

HYMN 134. 6 l. L. M. [#]

Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls' collected powers;
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours !
 O may our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne !
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly ;
 Where God resides appear no more :
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore ;
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine !

- 3** The word of life, dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast ;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart an humble guest :
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed !
-

NATIVITY OF JESUS.

HYMN 135. C. M. [#]

Angelic Message.

- 1** WHAT sudden glories did surprise
Shepherds who watched their fold !
A heavenly form salutes their eyes,
Arrayed in shining gold !
- 2** 'Twas night, and gloomy darkness hung
Over the lands afar ;
Shepherds in pensive numbers sung,
Or watched the twinkling star.
- 3** Deep musing on the prophecies
Of glories then to come,
With glimmering hopes and longing eyes,
They of Messiah sung.
- 4** Behold, the tidings, which we bring
To you of heavenly grace,
Are of your long-expected King,
The Saviour of your race.

- 5 To-day is born, in Bethlehem,
The long-expected Light,
To rule the New Jerusalem,
And turn to day the night.

HYMN 136. C. M. [#]

Angel's Song.

- 1 SHEPHERDS, rejoice ; lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies—
The Saviour's born to-day !
- 2 No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal, shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings !
- 3 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around
The heavenly armies throng :
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :—
- 4 Glory to God who reigns above ;
Let peace abound on earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 137. H. M. [#]

Christ's Birth proclaimed.

- 1 HARK ! what celestial notes,
What melody, we hear !
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear.

The tuneful shell,
The golden lyre,
And vocal choir,
The concert swell.

2 Angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine ;
See, how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join !
Fear not, say they ;
Great joy we bring :
Jesus, your King,
Is born to-day.

3 Glory to God on high !
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound !
For peace on earth,
From God in heaven,
To man is given,
At Jesus' birth.

HYMN 138. P. M. [#]

The Nativity.

1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around ;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,

In social circle sat ; while, all around,
 The gentle, fleecy brood
 Or cropped the flowery food,
 Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

3 When, lo, with ravished ears,
 Each swain delighted hears
 Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;
 Divinely-warbled voice,
 Answering the stringed noise,
 With blissful rapture charmed the listening band

4 Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
 The Saviour Christ is born !
 Such was the raptured seraph's song sublime.
 Glory to God in heaven !
 To man sweet peace be given,
 Sweet peace and friendship, to the end of time !

HYMN 139. C. M. [#]

Behold, he comes.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue ;
 His new-discovered grace demands
 A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,—
 God's own anointed Son ;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy through the earth be seen ;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

- 4 With joy lift up your wondering eyes,
 Ye islands of the sea ;
 Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise
 Prepare the Lord his way.

HYMN 140. S. M. [#]

The Lord is come.

- 1 Joy to the world below—
 The Lord himself is come !
 Let mighty kings before him bow,
 And monarchs give him room.
- 2 Joy to the earth he brings,
 And angels shout his praise ;
 Let every soul an anthem sing
 In heaven-inspiring lays.
- 3 Far as the curse is found,
 He makes his blessings flow ;
 Thorns shall no more infest the grove
 Nor man his sorrows know.
- 4 He rules with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

HYMN 141. C. M. [#]

Christmas.

- 1 JEHOVAH spake, and Gabriel sped,
 Upborne on wings of light ;
 Celestial glory round him spread,
 And changed to day the night.

- 2 Swift down to earth the herald flew,
From God's eternal throne ;
His shining robe, of rainbow hue,
The stars, moon, sun, outshone.
- 3 The voice of Love was heard on high,
Loud anthems rolled around ;
Ten thousand angels left the sky
To chant salvation's sound.
- 4 From Zion's hill to worlds above
Re-echoed back the strain,
And golden harps, attuned to love,
Thus swept Ephratah's plain ;—
- 5 He comes ! the mighty Saviour comes !
Good will, peace, joy, prevail ;
Glad tidings shout ; prepare him room ;
Hail, glorious Saviour, hail !
- 6 Wide o'er the world thy sceptre sway,
Till nations prostrate fall ;
Kings, princes, men, thy law obey,
And crown thee Lord of all.

HYMN 142. L. M. [#]

Christmas.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all ;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his sceptre fall.
- 2 The deed was done ; the Lamb was slain ;
The groaning earth the burthen bore :
He rose, he lives,—he lives to reign,
Nor time's strong arm shall shake his power.

- 3 Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumbered hither bring ;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.
- 4 From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim,—
Blessings that earth to glory raise :
Awake, each soul, and shout his fame.

HYMN 143. S. M. [#]

Birth of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long ;
Angels announce the Saviour near
In this triumphant song ;—
- 2 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.
- 3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 144. C. P. M. [#]

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 O LET your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth :
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.
- 2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart,
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.
- 3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

HYMN 145. C. M. [#]

Joy to the World.

- 1 Joy to the world—the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;

- While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

HYMN 146. S. M. [#]

Birth of Christ.

- 1 THE Prince of peace is come !
Ye nations, shout and sing ;
Let men and angels join their songs,
To hail this glorious King.
- 2 Light of the world, he comes !
The blind receive their sight ;
The mind now feels his glad'ning ray,
And all within is light.
- 3 Evangelist divine !
He makes the gospel known :
The poor the joyful tidings hear,
And their great Prophet own.
- 4 Whilst, gracious God, I hear
Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May my glad heart, my tongue, my life,
Be all obedience found.

HYMN 147. C. M. [#]

Christ's Ministry.

- 1 **HARK !** the glad sound, the Saviour comes,—
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And earth's remotest regions sound
Thine all-sufficient name.

HYMN 148. C. M. [#]

Redeemer's Birth.

- 1 **GLORY** to God on high be given,
For peace to earth is brought ;
Good will to wretched, dying men,
Surpassing human thought.

- 2 The time foretold by heaven is come,—
 The year of jubilee ;
 The day which kings and saints so long,
 So much desired to see.
- 3 He's come ! the mighty Saviour's come !
 Hear and rejoice, O earth ;
 Let every tongue, the globe around,
 Hail the Redeemer's birth.
- 4 To universal empire born,
 The charge he well sustains :
 Nations, rejoice ! the mighty Lord,
 Your King, Messiah, reigns.

HYMN 149. L. M. [#]

Glories of Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song :
 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
 Hosanna to Jehovah's name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
 And thy rich glories from afar . . .
 Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 3 But in thy Son a glory shines,
 Drawn out in far superior lines ;
 The lustre of redeeming grace
 Outshines the beams of nature's face.
- 4 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;

Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

- 5 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,—
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 150. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

Blessings of Christ.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in thee :
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all our souls thou art ;
— Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child—and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

HYMN 151. L. M. [#]

Beauties of the Saviour.

- 1 **WHEN** strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they might seek and love him too.
- 2 My blest Redeemer keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown ;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 He has engrossed my warmest love ;
No earthly charms my soul can move :
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor life nor death can make us part.
- 4 O, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my Love.

HYMN 152. L. M. [#]

Christ and his Church.

- 1 **THE** King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign !
- 4 Let endless honours crown his head ;
Let every age his praises spread ;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescensions of his love.

HYMN 153. L. M. [#]

Christ the Beloved.

- 1 THE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so :
What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of a mortal love ?
- 2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
Displays a mixture red and white ;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Redeemer meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free ;
Red with the blood he shed for me ;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 All over glorious is my Lord ;
He must be loved, and yet adored ;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 154. L. M. [#]

Corner-Stone.

- 1 Lo, what a precious Corner-Stone
The Jewish builders did refuse !
But God hath built his church thereon,
And blessed the Gentiles with the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes !
This is the day that proves it thine,—
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners, rejoice, and, saints, be glad ;
Hosanna, let his name be blest ;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light and glory rest !
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our sinful race ;
Let all on earth address their King,
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

HYMN 155. S. M. [#]

Stone laid in Zion.

- 1 BEHOLD the Corner-Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
This day did Jesus rise.

- 3 How glorious is the day
By our Redeemer made !
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the world be glad.
- 4 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood :
Bless him, our souls ; he comes to bring
Salvation from our God.

HYMN 156. H. M. [#]

Saviour and Prophet.

- 1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
Or angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Lo, what endearing words,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace !
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love Christ bears for thee.
- 3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our souls would bless thy name :
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;—
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of death subdued, and peace with heaven.

HYMN 157. 7's. M. [b]

Christ our Refuge.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh :
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is passed,
Safely to the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.
- 3 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
- 4 All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 158. 6 l. L. M. [#]

Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,

To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through its dreary shade.

HYMN 159. 8 l. L. M. [#]

The Morning Star.

1 **BENIGHTED** on the trackless main,
 While stormy terrors clothe the sky,
 The trembling voyager strives in vain,
 And nought but dark despair is nigh,—
 When, lo ! a gleam of peerless light,
 With radiant splendour, shines afar,
 And, through the clouds of darkest night,
 Appears the bright and morning Star !

2 With joy he greets the cheering ray,
 That beams on ocean's weary breast ;
 Precursor of a smiling day,
 It lulls his fears to peaceful rest.

No more in peril doth he roam,
 For night and danger now are far :
 With steady helm he enters home,
 His guide the bright and morning Star !

- 3 Thus, when affliction's billows roll,
 And waves of sorrow and of sin
 Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
 And all is dark and drear within,—
 'Tis Jesus, whispering strains of peace,
 Drives every doubt and fear afar ;
 He bids the raging tempests cease,
 And smiles the bright and morning Star !

HYMN 160. P. M. [#]

Star in the East.

- 1 HAIL, thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
 Down from the regions of glory descends !
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger ;
 Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold in his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
 Leader and Monarch and Saviour of all.
 Brightest and best, &c.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden and offerings divine,

Gems of the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine ?
Brightest and best, &c.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gold we his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c.

HYMN 161. 8 l. L. M. [#]

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the stormy seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark :
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my Guide, my Light, my All :
It made my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing beneath night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 162. L. M. [#]

Sun of Love.

- 1 JESUS, thou Sun of love divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
In thee with bright effulgence meet
Wisdom and love, and light and heat.
- 2 Wide may thy glory be displayed,
In one bright day without a shade;
And all from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.
- 3 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth dispensed from shore to shore,
Till men of every land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and honour thee.
- 4 'Tis done—the Sun of love appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign.

HYMN 163. C. M. [#]

Christ the Light of the Heart.

- 1 How blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

- 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes
With healing on his wings.
- 3 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He shone from pole to pole,
- 4 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart ;
But 'tis the light of Christ alone
Can shine upon the heart.

HYMN 164. L. M. [#]

Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 WHAT heavenly light is that which shines
In soft refulgence from the east,
And, pouring splendour through all climes,
Makes every child of sorrow blest ?
- 2 It is the Sun of Righteousness,
The brightness of the great I AM !
In him Jehovah manifests
His mercy, love, and grace to man.
- 3 God made from darkness light to shine ;
And, through the mighty Saviour's grace,
Will give the light of life divine
To every child of Adam's race.
- 4 Immortal Source of light and life,
In brighter flames of brilliance move,

Till all are turned from sin and strife,
To sing the deathless song of love.

HYMN 165. S. M. [#]

Christ the Light of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of peace,
The Chosen of the Lord,
God's only Son himself fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 3 Jesus, thou Light of men,
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 4 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way ;
The path which Christ hath marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

HYMN 166. L. M. [#]

Christ our Example.

- 1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy
Let all our best affections move,
When we on Christ our thoughts employ,—
On him, whom, though unseen, we love.
- 2 How bright a pattern, and how pure,
Hath he in all things kindly given,

To make our path of duty sure,
And guide our wandering steps to heaven.

- 3 In all, with gratitude, we view
The steady purpose of his soul,—
Our worldly passions to subdue,
And all the powers of sin control.
- 4 Father of all, his God and ours,
Accept the humble, joyful praise,
Which, with our souls' united powers,
For thy rich grace, through him, we raise.

HYMN 167. L. M. [#]

Image of God.

- 1 O THOU, at whose almighty word,
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays,
When shining with reflected light,—
- 3 So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Whilst we thine image, there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

HYMN 168. C. M. [#]

Jesus is the Door.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail,
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The building strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the Door ;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home.

HYMN 169. L. M. [#]

Immanuel's Worth.

- 1 Go, worship at Immanuel's feet ;
See in his face what wonders meet :
Earth is too barren to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord :
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

- 3 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There Christ displays his powers abroad,
And shines, and reigns the Son of God.
- 4 Not earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 170. S. M. [#]

Christ fairer than Men.

- 1 CELESTIAL Power above,
Impart thy holy fire,
And fill my soul with heavenly love,
While I attune my lyre.
- 2 Help me the joyful theme
With pleasure to indite ;
The grace and glory of the Lamb,
The matchless King of light.
- 3 Ten thousand times more fair
Than all the sons of men
Art thou, my Saviour, and my Lord,
My everlasting Friend.
- 4 God hath anointed thee
With majesty and power,
And universal blessings crown
Thy reign for evermore.
- 5 All kindreds, tongues, shall be
The trophies of thy grace,

Raised to immortal scenes of joy,
To sing thine endless praise.

HYMN 171. C. M. [#]

Charms of Christ.

- 1 SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
Her brightest hues would droop or die,
O Christ, compared with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams displayed,
And vain her blooming store ;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But O, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells !
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O, could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King !

HYMN 172. S. M. [#]

Root of David.

- 1 ALL hail, mysterious King !
Hail, David's ancient Root !
Thou righteous Branch, which thence did spring,
To give the nations fruit.
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade ;

Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste,
By thy blest fruit conveyed.

- 3 Fair morning Star, arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light.
- 4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierced by thy heavenly ray ;
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

HYMN 173. L. M. [#]

Messiah.

- 1 GLORY to God, who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is Love ;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O, what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send,
That man, condemned to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive !
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold ;
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,
And time still proves what Jacob spoke
- 4 We see the prophecies fulfilled
In Jesus, that most wondrous Child :
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.

HYMN 174. L. M. [#]

The Branch.

- 1 FROM Jesse's root a Branch did rise,
Whose fragrance fills the lofty skies,
Which spreads its leaves from pole to pole,
A healing balm for every soul.
- 2 The sick, the weak, the halt, and blind,
In him do aid and comfort find,—
A remedy for every wound,
Or moral pain, that can be found.
- 3 This is the Saviour long foretold ;
Hear him, ye deaf ; ye blind, behold :
He's come to make his grace abound,
As far as sin or death is found.

HYMN 175. L. M. [#]

Christ the Physician.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made :
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 3 Yes, there's a great Physician near ;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live !
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

- 4 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
 For here a sovereign cure is found,—
 A cordial for the fainting heart,
 A balm for every painful wound.

HYMN 176. P. M. [#]

Friend kinder than a Brother.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end :
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would have shed his blood ?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God :
 This is boundless love indeed !
 Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth ill-treated,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now, above all glory seated,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O, for grace, our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, like him to love :
 We, alas, forget too often
 What a Friend we have above :
 But, when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 177. C. M. [#]

Christ a chosen Servant.

- 1 **THUS** saith the Lord who built the heavens,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And formed the human soul,—
- 2 Behold my Servant ; see him rise,
Exalted in my might ;
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 3 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend ;
My truth and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 4 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

HYMN 178. L. M. [#]

First Elect of God.

- 1 **JESUS**, the Lord, transporting name !
By him the great salvation came :
Ten thousand blessings from the throne
Hath God imparted through his Son.
- 2 God chose him, ere the world began,
To save from sin rebellious man ;
To wield the sceptre from above,
And conquer nations by his love.

- 3 Jehovah did his Son ordain
His first Elect, by grace to reign ;
To pour salvation's light abroad,
And reconcile a world to God.
- 4 In thine Elect, O God, we see
Our life and immortality ;
And, saved by him, a new-born race,
We shout the riches of thy grace.

HYMN 179. S. M. [#]

Mediator of a better Covenant.

- 1 THY covenant, O Lord,
In all things ordered sure,
And founded on a steadfast hope,
Forever shall endure.
- 2 The word is given, I will ;
And who shall let thy hand ?
The purpose of eternal grace
By power divine must stand.
- 3 Israel shall know the Lord ;
The Gentiles trust in thee ;
All nations, kindreds, people, tongues
The great salvation see.
- 4 Thy grace, thy mercy, truth,
Demand the grateful song ;
Let earth begin the blissful theme,
And heaven the strain prolong.

HYMN 180. 7s. M. [#]

King of Salem.

- 1 God, from whom all things proceed,
Hear thy wounded servants plead ;
Let our souls thy comforts find ;
Calm the tempest of the mind.
- 2 May the King of Salem now
Cause each stubborn heart to bow ;
All our inward foes destroy,
Bringing peace, and hope, and joy.
- 3 Lord, no tithes to thee we give ;
Life, and strength, and all we have,
Here we offer at thy throne :
O receive us as thine own.
- 4 Thine we are for time to come ,
Fit us for our heavenly home,
Clothe us with a richer dress,—
Fairest robe of righteousness.

HYMN 181. L. M. [#]

Christ the Pattern.

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works, from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
Which spread salvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
While alms bestowed, and kindness done,
Are witnessed by each rolling sun.

HYMN 182. 7s. M. [#]

Characters of Christ.

- 1 **MEDIATOR**, Son of God,
Spread thy boundless love abroad :
Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
Fill the world with truth and grace.
- 2 **Sun of Righteousness**, arise ;
Send thy light around the skies :
Life of all the quick and dead,
Feed our souls with living bread.
- 3 **Leader** of the halt and blind,
Raise to life the sinking mind :
Binder of the broken heart,
Grace to every soul impart.
- 4 **Opener** of the sealed book,
Cause the world therein to look :
Taker of the veil away,
Lead us to eternal day.

HYMN 183. L. M. [#]

Characters of Christ.

- 1 **A KING** shall reign in righteousness,
And all the kindred nations bless ;
He's King of Salem, King of peace,
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.
- 2 In him the naked soul shall find
A hiding-place from chilling wind ;
Or, when the raging tempests beat,
A covert warm, a safe retreat.

- 3 In burning sands, and thirsty ground,
He like a river shall be found ;
Or lofty rock, beneath whose shade
The weary traveller rests his head.
- 4 The dimness gone, all eyes shall see
His glory, grace, and majesty ;
All ears shall hearken, and obtain
The words of life from Christ the Lamb.

HYMN 184. L. M. [#]

Jacob's Star.

- 1 BEHOLD the long-expected Light !
'Tis Jacob's Star, and Jesse's Root ;
The sun itself is not so bright,
Nor bears a tree such heavenly fruit.
- 2 With spreading glories, lo, he comes,
And gloomy darkness flies apace :
He's brighter than ten thousand suns,
With beams of mercy in his face.
- 3 Sin, now condemned, shall cease to be,
The righteous Judge shall bear the sway,
Shall set our race from bondage free,
And take all guilt and wo away.
- 4 Roll on, thou glorious Star of light,
Display thy matchless grace abroad,
And chase the darkness of our night,
And bring the nations home to God.

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DEATH OF CHRIST.

HYMN 185 L. M. [b]**Death of Christ.**

- 1 **HE** dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But, lo, what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and say,
How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he rose to endless day,
And led the tyrant Death in chains .
- 4 Say, Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting,
And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

HYMN 186. C. M. [b]**Sufferings and Death of Christ.**

- 1 **ALAS !** and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Jesus die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Redeemer, died
To save a world from sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 5 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 187. C. M. [b]

Christ's Death and Exaltation.

- 1 YE humble souls, who seek the Lord
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 His life for us he freely gave,—
Such wonders love can do :
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain ;

Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,—
The Saviour lives again !

- 4 With cheerful hope may every saint
The vale of death survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 188. L. M. [# or b]

Where Jesus bled.

- 1 FROM tribulation's gloomy vale,
Where Jesus bowed, where Jesus bled,
The suffering, conquering Lamb of God
Shall lift on high his glorious head.
- 2 For rebel man the Saviour died ;
For man he burst the rocky tomb,
And oped by death a door of hope,
That enters on the world to come.
- 3 The bow, the sword, the sting of death,
Christ Jesus' death has turned away ,
And Achor's vale, this vale of tears,
Now beams with everlasting day.

HYMN 189. C. M. [b]

Fountain opened.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day :

O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed of our God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lispings, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

HYMN 190. C. M [b or #]

Riches of the Cross.

1 With strange surprise the cross I view
Where Jesus for me died,
And ask myself, If this be true,
What can I want beside ?

2 Give me the victories of that cross,
My soul shall ask no more ;
I count all other things but dross,
And this my heavenly store.

3 Riches on earth take wings and fly,
And earthly honours fade :
I have my treasures placed on high ;
The cross my honour made.

- 4 O had I Gabriel's tongue, to sing
The honours of my Lord,
To tell the victories of my King,
And all his love record !

HYMN 191. L. M. [#]

It is finished.

- 1 'Tis finished ! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died.
'Tis finished ! yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished ! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Christ, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished ! Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore :
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished ! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finished ! let the echo fly
Through heaven, and earth, and sea and

RESURRECTION.

HYMN 192. 7s. M. [#]

Christ's Resurrection.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up the mighty prey ;
See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
- 3 Heaven unfolds her portals wide ;
Glorious Hero, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne :
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 4 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

HYMN 193. P. M. [#]

Resurrection and Glory of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave !
His rising removes all our fears,
And proves him almighty to save.

How strong were his tears and his cries !
 The worth of his blood how divine !
 How perfect his great sacrifice,
 Who rose, though he suffered for sin !

2 The Head that was covered with thorns,—
 The Man who on Calvary died,
 The Man who bore scourging and scorn,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride,—
 Now happy forever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain ;
 Now glory has covered his head :
 This is the true Lamb that was slain.

3 Believing we share in his joy,
 By faith we partake of his rest ;
 With him we can cheerfully die,
 For with him we hope to be blest.
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 194. C. M. [#]

Sabbath Reflections.

1 THIS day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

2 Jesus, the Friend of human kind,
 With strong compassion moved,
 Descended from his Father, God,
 To save the souls he loved.

- 3** The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
- 4** And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
While broke, beneath the Victor's cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5** Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

HYMN 195. C. M. [#]

Lord's Day Morning.

- 1** AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2** O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3** This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4** Ten thousand grateful lips still join
To hail this welcome morn,

Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN 196. C. M. [#]

Lord's Day.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 Hosanna to our heavenly King,
To God's anointed Son ;
Help us, O Lord ; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strain
Our souls on earth can raise ;
And when in heaven with him we reign,
We'll render nobler praise.

HYMN 197. H. M. [#]

Ascension.

- 1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band ;
The wonders of this day
Our Sabbath songs demand.
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

- 2 At his approaching dawn
Reluctant death resigned ;
The glorious Prince of life
His dark domains confined :
Angelic hosts around him bend,
And shout to see the Lord ascend.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings,
While earth in humble strains
Thy praise responsive sings ;—
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

HYMN 193. C. M. [#]

Faith in the Resurrection.

- 1 Lo, faith beholds the scattered shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
And the bright morning gently spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 2 Faith sees the Lord of glory come,
His flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
His trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 She hears the voice, Ye dead, arise !
She sees the graves obey,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the rising day.
- 4 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward, through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing !

- 5 O may we then among them stand,
Clothed in celestial white :
The meanest place at his right hand
Gives infinite delight.

HYMN 199. C. P. M. [#].

Resurrection.

- 1 ARISE, and hail the happy day ;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things :
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.
- 2 If angels, on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Poured forth their joyful songs,
Much more should we, of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.
- 3 O, then, let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let every creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day,
When Jesus triumphed o'er his foes,
As from the shades of death he rose,
Life's sceptre wide to sway.

- Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though his uncontrolled decree
Command our flesh to dust ?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 201. C. M. [#]

Emblems of the Resurrection.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;—
- 2 These all resign their beauteous form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

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- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Till the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

HYMN 202. L. P. M. [#]

Life, Death, and Resurrection.

- 1 ETERNAL GOD, how frail is man !
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave :
Who can prolong his vital breath ?
Who from the hold demands of death
Hath skill to fly, or power to save ?
- 2 But let no murmuring heart complain,
That, therefore, man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust ;
For though his servants, day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward attends the just.
- 3 Jesus hath made thy purpose known,
A new and better life hath shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear ;

Eternal praises to the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

HYMN 203. P. M. [#]

Hymn for Easter.

- 1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die :
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save :
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.
- 2 Glory to God in full anthems of joy,
The being he gave us death cannot destroy :
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend :
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

EMPIRE OF CHRIST.**HYMN 204. H. M. [*]**

Christ Victorious.

- 1 ALL hail, redeeming Lord !
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold :
Still does thy arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays ;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days ;
All ages grateful tributes bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.
- 3 O haste, triumphant Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway ;
O, may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies !
- 4 All hail, ascended Lord !
Eternal be thy reign ;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain :
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

HYMN 205. L. M. [#]

Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Display his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown
Shall Jesus send his blessings down :
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive amid his dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

HYMN 206. H. M. [#]

Empire of Righteousness.

- 1 COME, sing a Saviour's power,
And praise his mighty name ;
His wondrous love adore,
And chant his growing fame :
Wide o'er the world a King shall reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain.
- 2 The sceptre of his grace
He shall forever wield ;

His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield :
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguiled, betrayed,
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made :
Such numbers shall his courts adorn,
As dew-drops of the vernal morn.

4 His realm shall ever stand,
By liberal things upheld,
And, from his bounteous hand,
All hearts with joy be filled ;
A universe with praise shall own
The countless honours of his throne.

HYMN 207. C. M. [#]

Reign of Christ.

- 1 JESUS his empire shall extend ;
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.
- 2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest :
We hear the noise of war no more ;
He gives his people rest.
- 3 As rain descends in gentle showers
In each returning spring,
Awakes to life the fragrant flowers,
And makes creation sing,—

- 4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
Descends on man below ;
His blessings on the human race
In gentle currents flow.
- 5 Long as the sun shall rule the day
Or moon shall cheer the night,
The Saviour shall his sceptre sway,
By love's resistless might.
- 6 All that the reign of sin destroyed
Shall Zion's King restore,
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
Give boundless blessings more.

HYMN 208. L. M. [#]

Dominion of Christ.

- 1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son :—Ascend, and sit
At my right hand till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 From Zion shall thy word proceed ;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.
- 4 O power divine ! O glorious day !
What a large victory shall ensue !
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew !

HYMN 209. L. P. M. [#]

Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 To Christ, the Son, the Father spake :
Lo, ask of me, and I will make
The heathen to thy sceptre bend ;
The utmost parts of all the earth
Are thine inheritance by birth,
And wide thine empire shall extend.
- 2 Now Jesus waves his sceptre high,
Unfurls his banners in the sky,
While loud the gospel trumpets sound :
His enemies, with sore dismay,
Retire in haste, and yield the day,
While trophies to the Lord abound.
- 3 Before him kings and tyrants fall,
Detest their crowns, and on him call,
And he a pardon freely gives :
The world, in sin, was dead before ;
To life the world he will restore,
And in him all the world shall live.
- 4 O Lord, thy government shall be
Extended wide, from sea to sea,
And long thy sceptre thou shalt hold ;
As long as sun or moon shall shine,
Thou King of all the earth shalt reign,
The mysteries of thy grace unfold.

HYMN 210. P. M. [#]

Blessing of Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious.
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is Love.

HYMN 211. L. M. [#]

Universal Triumph of Christ.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For this shall constant prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head :
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to their King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

HYMN 212. 7s. M. [#]

Christ's Triumph.

- 1 **HARK !** the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;—
Hallelujah to the Lord !
God omnipotent shall reign ,
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
Heard through earth, and through the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword ; he speaks,—'tis done
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens are passed away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

THE REDEEMER'S PRAISE.

HYMN 213. C. M. [#]

Coronation of Christ.

- 1 **ALL** hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And own him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye wandering seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Praise him who saves you by his grace,
And own him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And own him Lord of all.
- 4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love .
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And own him Lord of all.
- 5 And when with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet shall fall,
We'll chant the everlasting song,
And own him Lord of all.

HYMN 214. L. M. [#]

Ascriptions to Christ.

- 1 Lo, what enraptured songs of praise
Resound through heaven to Christ the Lamb !
Adoring angels on him gaze,
And swell the golden trump of fame.
- 2 Amid his smiles and glories bright
Transported millions round him bend,
And, robed in life's primeval light,
The honours of his cross extend.
- 3 Salvation to the Lamb, they cry,
That sits upon the shining throne,
Who once for sinful men did die,
That he might seek and bring them home.
- 4 Hosanna ! all have joined the song,
In^{*}heaven, in earth, and in the seas ;
Salvation sounds from every tongue
In swelling notes of ceaseless praise.

HYMN 215. C. M. [#]

Redeemer's Praise.

- 1 O, FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my Lord and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,—
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 3 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf : his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ :
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN 216. P. M. [#]

Jesus our King.

- 1 YE servants of Christ,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name :
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 He ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh ;
His presence we have :
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might ;

All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

HYMN 217. C. M. [#]

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 218. C. M. [#]

Praise to the Lamb.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on his head.
- 4 He has redeemed our souls with blood ;
Has set us free from sin ;
Has made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with him.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath his power :
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

HYMN 219. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

Address to Jesus.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
All thy faithful mercies crown :

Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unchanging love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, thou mighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Bless and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation ;
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored by thee ;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 220. C. M. [#]

Presence of Christ delightful.

1 O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
 The glories of the place
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace !

2 Sweet majesty and perfect love
 Sit smiling on his brow,
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.

- 3 Princes, to his imperial name,
Bend their bright sceptres down ;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

HYMN 221. L. M. [#]

Praise for Blessings through Jesus.

- 1 To God, of every good the Spring,
The tribute of your praises bring,
For grace and truth, through Jesus given,
Mercy, and peace, and hope of heaven.
- 2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
Salvation ! shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.
- 3 Tell every fearful, trembling soul,
That gospel grace will make him whole :
Invite the weary poor to come ;
At Jesus' feast there still is room.
- 4 Jesus, that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears ;
Shall ease the anxious, throbbing breast,
And give the weary mourner rest.

HYMN 222. L. M. [#]

Christ exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne ;
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace,
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thy enemies obey ;
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by thy love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive,
Thy ransomed shall repent and live ;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which gives them life who wrought thy death.

HYMN 223. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

To Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, thou eternal Saviour,
Reign in mercy from above ;
Now display celestial favour,
Open wide the door of love.
May we holy joys inherit,
Through the medium of thy word ;
Give us each a loving spirit,
Let us speak thy grace abroad.

- 2 May we grow in pure affection,
 Feel an overflowing peace,
Love as Jesus gives direction,
 Love the weakest child of grace.
Jesus, may we now adore thee,
 Feel our souls aspire above ;
Crown us all with rays of glory,
 Crown us with immortal love.

HYMN 224. L. M. [#]

He hath done all things well.

- 1 COME, let us join in sacred songs,
 With sweetest music on our tongues ;
Let every voice conspire to tell,
 Our Saviour hath done all things well.
- 2 Under the law he came for us,
 And for our sins was made a curse ;
He bore our crimes, which on him fell :
 Our Saviour hath done all things well.
- 3 The legal dispensation closed
 When Jesus from the dead arose ;
All righteousness he did fulfil :
 Our Saviour hath done all things well.
- 4 He'll finish sin, and man restore ;
 All creatures shall their God adore ;
The anthem long and loud shall swell,
 For Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 225. P. M. [#]

Christ's Glories divine.

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I'll love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 3 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again ;
Perfection of glory reigns there.
- 4 This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where Christ his full beauty displays.

HYMN 226. L. M. [#]

Cloud and Pillar of Fire.

- 1 Long as the darkening cloud abode,
So long did ancient Israel rest ;
Nor moved they, till the guiding Lord
In brighter garments stood confest.
- 2 Father of spirits, Light of light,
Lift up the cloud, and rend the veil ;
Shine forth in fire, amid that night,
Whose blackness makes the heart to fail.

- 3 'Tis done ! to Christ the power is given ;
His death has rent the veil away,
Our great Forerunner entered heaven,
And oped the gate of endless day.
- 4 Nor shall those mists, that brood o'er time,
Forever blind the mental eye ;
They backward roll, and light sublime
Beams glory from our God on high.
- 5 Adoring nations hail the dawn,
All kingdoms bless the noontide beam,
And light, unfolding life's full morn,
Is vast creation's deathless theme.

HYMN 227. C. M. [#]

Christ Precious.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to my ear :
My tongue would sing thy praise so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my expiring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,—
The antidote of death.

HYMN 228. C. M. [#]

Christ and Aaron.

- 1 IN Christ, the Lord, our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than all the gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood—but not his own—
Aaron within the veil appeared,
Before the golden throne.
- 3 But Jesus, by his precious blood;
The Father's love displayed,
And, in the presence of our God,
Himself an offering made.
- 4 The King of glory, now, he reigns,
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like the Lamb that once was slain,
But wears his priesthood still.
- 5 Our Intercessor's lofty praise
Our hearts would now proclaim,
And, through the remnant of our days,
Obey, and laud his name.

HYMN 229. S. M. [#]

Grace and Love of Christ.

- 1 O THE transcendent love
A sinless Saviour shows!
For enemies his bowels move,
His heart with pity glows.

- 2 Jesus invited near
The vilest of our race :
He bids the greatest sinner hear
The gospel of his grace.
- 3 Let Pharisees exclaim,
And all this grace despise,
But we will love the Saviour's name ;
'Tis wondrous in our eyes.
- 4 Yes, to life's utmost end,
Thy sovereign grace we'll show,
And own thee for the sinner's Friend,
And sin's eternal Foe.

HYMN 230. H. M. [#]

The Fountain.

- 1 Hail, everlasting Spring !
Celestial Fountain, hail !
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail ;
Still they endure,
And still they flow,
For all our wo
A sovereign cure.
- 2 Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who once in anguish died
Such favours to impart.
His precious word
Shall make us clean
From every sin,
And fit for God.

3 To that dear Source of love
 Our souls this day would come ;
 And thither, from above,
 Lord, call the nations home :
 That Jew and Greek,
 With joyful songs
 On all their tongues,
 Thy praise may speak.

HYMN 231. 6 & 4s. M. [#]

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1** GLORY to God on high !
 Let earth and skies reply,
 Praise ye his name :
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 Sing aloud evermore.
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 2** Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our holy Lord to bless ;
 Praise ye his name :
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3** What though we change our place,
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name :
 To him our songs we bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 232. S. M. [#]

Joy and Peace in Christ.

- 1 O CHRIST, what gracious words,
Are ever, ever thine ;
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.
- 2 Good, everlasting good,
Glad-tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.
- 3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.
- 4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.
- 5 One song shall then employ
The blest, the blessing whole ;
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of every soul.

HYMN 233. L. M. [#]

Star of Hope.

- 1 BRIGHT Star of Hope, thy rise we hail ;
Our hearts drink in thy gladning rays ;
To Him who lit thy brilliant fires,
Father of lights, we bring our praise.

- 2 Bright Star of Hope, we follow thee ;
Herald divine, we catch thy voice :
Thy notes proclaim God's jubilee,
And bid a ransomed world rejoice.
- 3 Hail, Star of Hope ! our hearts adore
Thy light, which shines on life's dark wave
Like the bright guide on ocean's shore,
'The storm-spent mariner to save.
- 4 Hail, Star of Hope ! man's certain Guide
To truth and life by mercy given ;
Spread wide thy rays, till all mankind
Receive this richest boon of Heaven.

THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 234. L. M. [#]

Excellency of the Gospel.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
And sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;

It guides us all our journey through,
And brings a better world to view.

- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
To life's last hour my soul employ,
And fit me for the heavenly joy.

HYMN 235. C. M. [#]

Saviour's Message.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the Saviour of mankind
Speaks to his chosen few ;
'Tis he who leads the wandering blind
In ways they could not know.
- 2 'Tis he who says, Go forth, my friends,
Proclaim my truth and grace ;
Inform each soul my love extends
To all of Adam's race.
- 3 What though my ransomed may refuse
The message to receive,
And you, the messengers, abuse,—
Yet still I came to save.
- 4 Yea, should deception still prevail,
And blind the people's eyes,
In my great day I'll rend the veil
From all beneath the skies.
- 5 Then every eye shall see the grace
You now in faith declare,
And I myself, from every face,
Will wipe off every tear.

HYMN 236. C. M. [#]

Success of the Gospel.

- 1 **FATHER**, is not thy promise sure
To thy exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own,
Whilst Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?
- 3 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception, given ?
- 4 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored,
Let earth with all its millions shout
Hosanna to the Lord:

HYMN 237. H. M. [#]

Efficacy of the Gospel.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the fleecy snow !
Mark the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from which they fall,
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,

And man and beast are fed
 By Providence divine :
 'The harvest bows its golden ears,
 The copious seed of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
 My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend ;
 Millions of souls shall feel its power,
 And bear it down to millions more.

HYMN 238. L. M. [#]

Christ our Example.

- 1 Thy gospel, Lord, is peace and love ;
 Such let our conversation be ;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Where'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,—
 Bright Pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind,
 How mild, how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love ;
 Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
 By his example let us move.
- 5 But, O, how blind, how weak we are !
 How frail, how apt to turn aside !

Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
We ask thy spirit for our guide.

HYMN 239. L. M. [#]

Praise for Truth.

- 1 **RISE**, every heart and every tongue,
Prepare a sweet, angelic song ;
Surprising mercies must require
An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.
- 2 The sun of heaven illumines the soul,
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll,
The heavenly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the Fount above.
- 3 O, happy day ! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be :
His greatest mercies stand confessed,
And Zion is divinely blessed.
- 4 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record ;
To us are richest favours given,
And praises shall return to heaven.

HYMN 240. C. M. [#]

God's Promises sure.

- 1 My never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure :

And, if he speaks a promise once,
Eternal grace is sure.

3 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

4 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by all above ;
And all on earth their songs shall raise
To thine unchanging love.

HYMN 241. C. M. [#]

Light of Truth.

- 1 THE new-born world, immersed in night,
In gloomy horrors lay ;
Jehovah said, Let there be light,
And poured the boundless day.
- 2 Thus o'er the greater world, within,
Let beams immortal shine ;
Disperse, O Lord, the clouds of sin,
And spread a dawn divine.
- 3 Attendant on this sacred light,
Celestial fire impart,
And let the ray, that guides my sight,
Inflame my frozen heart.
- 4 Thus all the powers, this spirit knows,
Shall to my God be given :
Sweet, as when Aaron's incense rose
In fragrant clouds to heaven.

HYMN 242. L. M. [#]

Gospel Mission.

- 1 Thus spake the Saviour, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word :
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord :
- 2 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name ;
Bid all the world my grace receive ;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.
- 4 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove,
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.
- 5 All power is vested in my hands ;
I will protect you and defend ;
Whilst thus you follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end.

HYMN 243. S. M. [#]

Gospel Preachers.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How highly blest our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

HYMN 244. C. M. [#]

Gospel Feast.

- 1 ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refined,
In rich abundance flows.

- 3 See, to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given ;
See rebels, by renewing grace,
Become the heirs of heaven.
- 4 The pained, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.
- 5 But, O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties, shall be given,
When, with the millions round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven !
- 6 There joys, immeasurably high,
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 245. L. M. [#]

Provisions of Grace.

- 1 How rich are thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnished from above !
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews.
Were first invited to the feast :
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh ;
But, at the gospel call, we came,
And every want received supply.

- 4 Our everlasting love is due
 To him that ransomed sinners lost,
 And pitied rebels, when he knew
 The vast expense his love would cost.

HYMN 246. L. M. [#]

Gospel Provisions.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
 Which spread for us this solemn feast :
 The riches of thy gospel stand
 Open to every willing guest.
- 2 The cup is filled with living wine
 Pressed from celestial fruits above,
 And flows, to man, in every clime
 In streams of everlasting love.
- 3 Then, O my soul, adore and praise
 Your God, who doth these blessings bring ;
 Attune your harps to heavenly lays,
 And shout hosannas to your King.

HYMN 247. 8. 7. M. [#]

Sinners entreated.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above ?
 Every sentence O how tender !
 Every line is full of love :
 Listen to it ;
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
 News from Zion's King proclaim,

- To each rebel sinner pardon,
 Free forgiveness in his name :
 How important !
 Free forgiveness in his name.
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
 And, with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears :
 Tender heralds
 Chase away the falling tears.

HYMN 248. C. M. [#]

Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 WHAT glorious tidings do I hear
 From my Redeemer's tongue !
 I can no longer silence bear ;
 I'll burst into a song :
- 2 The blind receive their sight with joy ;
 The lame can walk abroad ;
 The dumb their loosened tongues employ ;
 The deaf can hear the word.
- 3 The dead are raised to life anew
 By renovating grace ;
 The glorious gospel's preached to you,
 The poor of Adam's race.
- 4 O wondrous type of things divine,
 When Christ displays his love,
 To raise from wo the sinking mind.
 To reign in realms above !

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HYMN 249. C. M. [#]

Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **GREAT** God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine,
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.
- 2 But thy compassion, Lord, has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.
- 5 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build in every heathen land
A temple to thy praise.

HYMN 250. C. M. [#]

Sinai and Zion.

- 1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,—
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke,—

- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 4 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

HYMN 251. C. M. [#]

Rich Treasure in earthen Vessels.

- 1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings !
Thy favours how divine !
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine !
- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare ;
How mean, when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share !
- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay,
And the weak sons of mortal race
Immortal gifts convey.

- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives ;
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet still the gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power divine effects ;
Such trophies God can raise ;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
His monuments of praise.

HYMN 252. L. M. [#]

Excellency of the Christian Religion.

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy sacred truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stand !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 253. C. M. [#]

Triumph of the Gospel.

- 1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy spirit's power ;
Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,—
A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each believing heart ;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.
- 4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore ;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait ; those days
Are in thy word foretold :
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

HYMN 254. S. M. [#]

Excellency of the Gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD, the heavens declare
The glory of our God ;
The starry firmament on high
Proclaims his power abroad.

- 2 But from his gospel beams
Instruction more divine :
There God unfolds an endless day ;
There love and mercy shine.
- 3 There God reveals his laws,
So perfect and so pure ;
And there is taught that fear of him,
Which ever shall endure.
- 4 There he instructs the wise,
Reclaims the wandering soul,
And brings to light those hidden joys
Which all our griefs control.

HYMN 255. H. M. [#]

Gospel Day.

- 1 I sing the gospel day,
When Christ shall finish sin,
His wondrous love display,
And conquered rebels bring :
They prostrate fall,
And humbly own
That God, alone,
Is all in all.
- 2 The Saviour, Christ, must reign
Till all his foes submit,
And, saved by him from pain,
Shall worship at his feet ;
Shall prostrate fall,
And humbly own
That God, alone,
Is all in all.

- 3** Then death itself shall die,
And life triumphant reign ;
No more shall sinners sigh
In darkness, guilt, and pain :
Prostrate they fall,
And humbly own
That God, alone,
Is all in all.

HYMN 256. L. M. [#]

Strains of Gospel Grace.

- 1** THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace
Invites us now to seek his face.
- 2** He wears no terrors on his brow ;
He speaks in love, from Zion, now :
It is the voice of Jesus' blood
That calls us, wanderers, back to God.
- 3** God's servant, Moses, quaked and feared,
When Sinai's thundering law he heard ;
But gospel grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 4** What other arguments can move
The heart that slights a Saviour's love ?
O may that heavenly power be felt,
And cause the stony heart to melt.

HYMN 257. C. M. [#]

Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
'The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Dear Lord, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deeper than all our miseries are,
More boundless than our sins.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants-away.

INVITATIONS.

HYMN 258. C. M. [#]

Christ's Invitation.

- 1 **THE Saviour calls ! let every ear**
Attend the heavenly sound :
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 **For every thirsty, longing heart,**
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 **There springs of sacred pleasure rise**
To ease your every pain ;
Immortal fountain, full supplies !
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 **Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;**
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 **Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;**
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

HYMN 259. S. M. [#]

Saviour's Voice.

- 1 **HEAR** what a Saviour's voice,
To sinners, does proclaim ;
O, all ye ransomed souls, rejoice
In your Redeemer's name.
- 2 Where sin and death have reigned,
And all their power employed,
There is his love and light maintained,
And heavenly truth enjoyed.
- 3 The needy, starving poor
Are filled with living bread ;
The opening of the prison door
Proclaims the captive freed.
- 4 The thirsty, panting soul,
That longs for springs of grace,
Beholds celestial waters roll,
And floods of righteousness.
- 5 My God, my Saviour too,
I would thy love proclaim,
Partake of what is brought to view,
And sing thy glorious name.

HYMN 260. C. M. [b or #]

Gospel Invitations.

- 1 **YE** wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But, see, there yet is room.
- 3 In Jesus' condescending heart
Both love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 Come, then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

HYMN 261. L. M. [#]

Invitation.

- 1 COME, fellow sinners; come away ;
Behold the fast-declining sun ;
No longer in the market stay ;
'Tis time our labours were begun.
- 2 O be not faithless in the Lord :
Whate'er is right we shall receive ;
If we but hearken to his word,
He will immortal treasures give.
- 3 Lord, in thy vineyard we appear,
To labour in the works of love ;
O may we be thy mercy's care,
Nor from thy precepts ever rove.
- 4 And when thy labourers all come home,
May each, with joy, thy goodness see ;
Nor fault what boundless grace has done,
In setting man from bondage free.

HYMN 262. C. M. [#]

God is Love.

- 1 COME, ye that know and love the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above ;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is Love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears
To show that God is Love.
- 3 Behold his patience bearing long
With those who from him rove,
Till mighty grace their hearts suodue,
To teach them God is Love.
- 4 O may we all, while here below,
This blessing well improve,
Till nobler praise, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that God is Love.

HYMN 263. 7s. M. [#]

Christ's Invitations.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice ;
I will guide you to your home :
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn ;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose weeping, sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;—
- 4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
Who the stings of guilt can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come ; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN 264. C. M. [#]

Invitation.

- 1 YE favoured children of the Lord,
Ye loved, ye ransomed race,
Come, listen to the cheering word
Of our Redeemer's grace.
- 2 O come ; attend the Saviour's call ;
He only life can give ;
His gracious voice proclaimed to all
Is, Come, believe, and live.
- 3 But man, regardless of his words,
From Jesus doth depart ;
The joyful sound no life affords
His unbelieving heart.
- 4 Hasten, O God, that glorious day,
In thine own plan designed,

When thou wilt take the veil away
From each benighted mind.

- 5 Then sinners shall with grateful hearts
The Saviour's name adore ;
And carnal mind, with subtle arts,
Shall tempt their souls no more.

HYMN 265. C. M. [#]

Angelic Invitation.

- 1 SEE the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits,
To welcome pilgrims home.
- 2 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.
- 3 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And heaven rejoice to hear.
- 4 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through ;
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 266. L. M. [#]

Jesus' Call.

- 1 COME, all ye weary, fainting souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;

- I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And lead you to my heavenly home.
- 2 Ye shall find rest, that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight :
My yoke is easy to his neck ;
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To rule and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 267. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

Call to Zion.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous Source of every joy,
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy !
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs, to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Here indulge each grateful feeling ;
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here no peal of thunder rolls :
Lo, the sacred page before us
Bears the promise of his love,

Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within !
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

THE SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 268. C. M. [#]

Excellency of Scripture.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines ;
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
 My study and delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou forever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 269. C. M. [#]

The Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I come to thee, my Lord ;
 For not a ray of hope appears
 But in thy holy word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my grief assuage ;
 Here I behold my Saviour's face
 — In every sacred page.
- 3 Here living water gently flows,
 To wash me from my sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.
- 4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
 Where sense and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life,
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 5 May thy wise counsels, O my God,
 These roving feet command,
 Lest I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 270. C. M. [#]

Glory of the Sacred Pages.

- 1 **WHAT** glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 His hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 271. L. M. [#]

Nature and Scripture compared.

- 1 **THE** heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But, lo, the volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light :
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven

HYMN 272. S. M. [#]

Perfection of God's Word.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

HYMN 273. C. M. [#]

Conquests of God's Word.

- 1 THE thirsty earth receives the rain,
And drinks the cooling showers ;
Fresh verdure re-adorns the plain,
And wakes the drooping flowers.
- 2 The blushing mead, the fertile field,
Shall be with blessings filled ;
And seed to him in plenty yield,
Who has its bosom tilled.
- 3 The living word of life divine
Its conquests shall extend,
Till every heart, in every clime,
Shall in submission bend.
- 4 Uninterrupted praise shall flow
From every creature's tongue,
And psalms and hymns by all below
In choral strains be sung.

HYMN 274. L. M. [#]

Scripture Teachings.

- 1 BRIGHT Source of intellect above,
Father of spirits and of love,
O dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.
- 2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlightened with that heavenly day,
And seek thine influence with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

- 3 So shall our children learn the road
That leads them to their fathers' God,
And, formed by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 So shall the haughty soul submit,
With children placed at Jesus' feet ;
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

HYMN 275. C. M. [#]

Delight in the Word of God.

- 1 O how I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight,
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver, well refined,
Nor heaps of shining gold.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And elevate my praise.

HYMN 276. L. P. M. [#]

Holy Scriptures.

- 1 How precious, Lord, thy holy word !
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way ;
Thy love forbids our feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads our hearts to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw ;
These are our study and delight :
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes
And warn us where our danger lies ;
But 'tis thy holy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, subdues our sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

HYMN 277. C. M. [#]

Consolation from the Scriptures.

- 1 LORD, we would make thy word our joy
Our lasting heritage ;
May this our noblest powers employ,
Our warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,

And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 O, 'tis a land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
There seeds of endless bliss are sown,
There boundless glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blessed ;
It shows a home beyond the grave,
And an eternal rest.

HYMN 278. L. M. [#]

Glorious Word.

- 1 WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the desert waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God !
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
And comforts and instructs us too.

HYMN 279. S. M. [#]

Scripture a Guide.

- 1 How choice the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
 - 2 It cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
 - 3 This lamp, through all the night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.
-

TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

HYMN 280. C. M. [#]

Triumph of Christianity.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this, the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;

Up to this mountain of their God,
With songs of triumph go.

- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 No war shall rage ; no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years :
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer host, encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

HYMN 281. H. M. [# or b]

Jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Behold the Son of God,
Commissioned from above,
To all the human race,
The Messenger of love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace ;

Ye happy souls, draw near ;
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
The Father's love displayed ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 282. P. M. [#]

New Jerusalem.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear ;
We soon shall recover our home ;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come :
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold ;
As crystal her buildings are clear ;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.
- 3 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,

Where Christ does his brightness display,
 A pure and a permanent light :
 The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
 And lo, by reflection, they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine !

HYMN 283. C. M. [#]

Heavenly Zion.

- 1 **BEHOLD, on Zion's heavenly shore,**
 A pure and countless band,
 Whose conflicts and whose toils are o'er,
 In glorious order stand.
- 2 **From earth's remotest bounds they came,**
 From tribulations great,
 And, through the victories of the Lamb,
 Have reached the heavenly state.
- 3 **Their robes are washed in Jesus' blood**
 From every stain of sin ;
 They stand before the throne of God,
 And of his mercies sing.
- 4 **Hunger and thirst they know no more,**
 From burning heats refreshed ;
 The Lamb shall feed them from his store,
 And give them endless rest.
- 5 **God all their tears shall wipe away,**
 And they his wonders tell,
 While in his temple they shall stay,
 And God with them shall dwell.

HYMN 284. C. M. [#]

New Creation.

- 1 WHEN will the eyelids of that morn
Open upon our sight,
When all creation shall be born,
And day disperse the night?
- 2 When will the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings,
The numerous sons of Adam bless
With love's eternal springs?
- 3 The promised day will surely come;
Its brightness shall unfold
What Jesus hath for mortals done,
While we with joy behold.
- 4 A new creation then shall rise
By the Almighty's hand,
And, though the old creation dies,
The new shall always stand.

HYMN 285. C. M. [#]

New Jerusalem descending.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea shall pass away,
And yonder rolling skies.
- 2 From heaven above, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 Celestial armies sing ;
 Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.
- 4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself, shall die.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

GRACE AND SALVATION.

HYMN 286. L. M. [#]

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 Now to the power of God supreme
 Be everlasting honours given ;
 He saves from sin,—we bless his name,—
 And calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abundant grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue sinners doomed to die ;

He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appeared at last,
And made his Father's counsels known ;
Declared the great transactions past,
And brought immortal blessings down.

5 He died ! and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of death destroy ;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 287. L. M. [#]

Morn of Salvation.

1 AWAKE the song that gave to earth
Salvation in Immanuel's birth !
Angelic tongues the strain began,—
'Twas peace on earth, good will to man.

2 Celestial peace ! and is it ours
To strike the harp on Salem's towers ?
To welcome back the dove that brings
The balm of healing in her wings ?

3 She comes ! and, lo, the orphan's wail
No longer loads the passing gale ;
Contentment sheds her sacred calm,
And nature owns the sovereign charm.

4 She comes ! and banner, spear and plume,
That led to conquest and the tomb,
Wreathed with the olive, now adorn
The triumph of salvation's morn.

HYMN 288. C. M. [#]

Salvation.

- 1 **SALVATION !** O the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At death's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 **Salvation !** let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 289. L. M. [#]

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **SALVATION** is for ever nigh
 The souls that love and trust the Lord ;
 And grace, descending from on high,
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Now truth and mercy meet on earth,
 In Christ, for our salvation given ;
 And, by a new celestial birth,
 He fits us for the courts of heaven.
- 3 His peace and glory shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again ;
 Its balmy comforts spread around,
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

- 4 By him we have access to God ;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more ;
While his salvation shines abroad,
We'll praise his justice, love, and power.

HYMN 290. S. M. [#]

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 SING to Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his sight,
And hymns of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes, angels, know,
How mean their natures seem ;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, humble souls, adore,—
Come, kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

HYMN 291. L. M. [#]

Eternal Life by Grace.

- 1 **ETERNAL** life ! how sweet the sound,
 To sinners who in bondage sigh :
 Publish the bliss the world around ;
 Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.
- 2 **Eternal** life ! how will it reign,
 When, mounting from this breathless clod,
 The soul, discharged from sin and pain,
 Ascends to meet its Father, God !
- 3 **Eternal** life ! O how refined
 The joys, the triumphs how divine.
 When we, in body and in mind,
 Shall in the Saviour's image shine !
- 4 **Holy** and heavenly is the soul,
 Where dwells a hope so bright as this ;
 We wish and long to reach the goal,
 And seize the prize of endless bliss.

HYMN 292. H. M. [#]

Salvation of the World.

- 1 **LET** earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind :
 To praise the all-redeeming Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 **Jesus**, transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven ;

No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 O, for a trumpet's voice,
 On all the world to call,
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who died for all !
 For all, my Lord was crucified,
 For all, for all, my Saviour died !

HYMN 293. C. M. [#]

Faith in the Promise of Salvation.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound his power abroad ;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
 For wretched, dying men ;
 His hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines ;
 Nor can the powers of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.

HYMN 294. 7s. M. [#]

Salvation by Redeeming Love.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name :
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest :
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 4 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 295. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

God of Salvation.

- 1 HAIL, the God of our salvation,
Triumph in redeeming love !
Let us all, with exultation,
Imitate the blest above.

- 2 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Bordered on the shades of death,
He hath, by his grace revealing,
Scattered all the clouds beneath.
- 3 Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love thou art ;
Hail, the God of our salvation,
Praise him, every thankful heart !
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 296. S. M. [#]

Celestial Grace.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its brightest Image chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 4 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 297. C. M. [#]

Grace perfected in Glory.

- 1 How rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various, how divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 God to eternal glory calls,
And points the wondrous way
To those bright realms of peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.
- 3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

HYMN 298. C. M. [#]

Nature and Grace.

- 1 INDULGENT Father, how divine,
How rich thy bounties are !
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.
- 2 But in the nobler work of grace
Unbounded mercy smiles,
Reflected from the Saviour's face,
And every fear beguiles.
- 3 Such wonders, Lord, while we survey,
To thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.

- 4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath ;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death
- 5 But, O, how blessed our songs shall rise
In glad seraphic lay,
When all thy glories meet our eyes
Through an eternal day.

HYMN 299. L. M. [#]

Excellency of Grace.

- 1 To thee my heart, eternal King,
Would now its thankful tribute bring ;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.
- 2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above ;
But in thy sacred word I trace
The richest glories of thy grace.
- 3 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the labouring conscience peace ,
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 4 For grace like this, O may our song
Through endless years thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more !

HYMN 300. C. M. [# or b]

Sufficiency of Grace.

- 1 **WHY** does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear ?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair ?
- 2 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation go,
And hath its strong foundations laid
Deep as the shades below ?
- 3 See, here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace !
Behold, a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase !
- 4 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound :
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 5 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 301. L. M. [#]

Grace of God through Christ.

- 1 **IMMORTAL** God, on thee we call,
The great Original of all !
By thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure Support, our glorious End.

- 2 We praise thy free, thy heavenly grace,
Which pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our victorious Head,
'The Captain of salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many sons to glory lead ;
And rich supplies through him are given,
To fit us for the joys of heaven.
- 4 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee :
This theme shall now inspire our tongues,
And raise in heaven our noblest songs.

HYMN 302. C. M. [# or 6]

Transforming Grace.

- 1 My God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.
- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene ;
My brightest joys decline ;
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wandering heart of mine.
- 3 Lord, guide my roving heart to thee ;
Unsatisfied I stray :
Break through the shades of sense and sin
With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys ;
Then shall I scorn each little snare
Which this vain world employs.

- 5 O, let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove ;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

HYMN 303. C. M. [#]

Influence of Grace.

- 1 My God, what silken cords are thine !
How soft, and yet how strong !
Whilst power, and truth, and grace, combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 When crushed beneath the heavy yoke
Of folly and of sin,
Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
Our grateful hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
Thy mercy takes away :
Thy promise, when the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows :
The glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet,
And, captives in the chains of love,
Fall at our Conqueror's feet.

HYMN 304. S. M. [#]

Grace.

- 1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear :
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 305. C. M. [# or b]

Display of divine Grace.

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess :
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the rich harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

HYMN 306. H. M. [#]

Grace Triumphant.

- 1 BEFORE the world was made,
Or sun or planets shone,
Salvation's base was laid
In God's anointed Son,
Who came to spread the truth abroad,
And reconcile a world to God.
- 2 By mercy's hand upheld,
Firmly his purpose stands :
What love his bosom filled !
What kindness moved his hands !
What pity warmed his pleading breath,
Who meekly blest his foes in death !
- 3 Now, raised to realms above,
Where boundless mercies shine,
Will Christ forget his love ?
Forget this heart of mine ?
O, no ; his favours never end ;
He's there, as here, the sinner's Friend.
- 4 Hail, all-triumphant hour
In which my Saviour rose !

The grave has lost its power ;
 My soul, forget thy woes.
 Widely he'll spread his grace abroad,
 And safely guide a world to God.

FAITH AND HOPE.

HYMN 307. 8 l. L. M. [#]

Faith in God.

- 1 God is our Refuge and Defence,
 In trouble our unfailing Aid ;
 Secure in his omnipotence,
 What foe can make our soul afraid ?
 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
 And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
 His people smile amid the shock ;
 They look beyond this transient world.
- 2 Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
 Our treasure and our heart be there ;
 O for a seraph's wing of fire—
 No, on the mightier wings of prayer,
 We reach at once that last retreat,
 And, ranged among the ransomed throng,
 Fall with the elders at his feet
 Whose name alone inspires their song.
- 3 Ah, soon, how soon, our spirits droop,
 Unwont the air of heaven to breathe ;
 Yet God, in very deed, will stoop,
 And dwell himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear ;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here.

HYMN 308. L. M. [#]

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide and truth our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith receives a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God :
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

HYMN 309. C. M. [#]

Vision of Faith.

- 1 High on the mountain's towering head,
While darkness veils the sky,
Faith stands, and, through the stormy cloud,
Directs her anxious eye.

- 2 Amidst the gloom, the welcome rays
With cheering lustre shine,
And open to her ardent gaze
A world of bliss divine.
- 3 The yawning gulf, that howled beneath,
Has ceased its angry roar,
The surging waves have spent their force,
And died upon the shore.
- 4 Far in the distance faith beholds
A flood of heavenly light,
Now spreads her pinions, and directs
To heaven her ardent flight.
- Far, far beyond this nether world,
Where sin and sorrow grow,
She seeks and finds that endless rest,
Where joys unceasing flow.

HYMN 310. S. M. [#]

Living by Faith.

- 1 By faith may Jesus dwell
In our believing hearts ;
While he that love which none can tell
In streams of grace, imparts.
- 2 Then may we comprehend,
With all the saints in light,
And see his boundless grace extend,
And know its depth and height.
- 3 Then, filled with every grace,
From strength to strength we'll go,
While Jesus shows his smiling face
In every scene of wo.

- 4 Soon we shall victors be,
And crowns of glory wear ;
In endless peace our Captain see,
And dwell forever there.

HYMN 311. C. M. [#]

Living Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust !
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 This faith shall every fear control,
By its celestial power ;
With holy triumph fill the soul,
In death's approaching hour.

HYMN 312. L. M. [#]

Victorious Faith.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis-a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love to Jesus fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 313. C. M. [#]

Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 It quells the raging flames of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
 Till this frail body dies ;
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 To endless glory rise.

HYMN 314. C. M. [#]

God our Helper.

- 1 THE Lord appears my Helper now,
 Nor is my faith afraid
 Of what the sons of earth can do,
 Since heaven affords me aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
 And have my God my friend,
 Than trust in men of high degree,
 And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
 A large and angry swarm ;
 But I shall all their rage confound
 By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong ;
 In him my lips rejoice :
 While his salvation is my song,
 How cheerful is my voice !

HYMN 315. L. M. [#]

Soaring by Faith.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day ;
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 And God's own word reveals the way.

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- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
 With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honour, large reward,
 Conferred on man by love divine !
- 3 How happy, then, the truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road ;
How happy they whom Heaven employs,
 To turn rebellious men to God.
- 4 On wings of faith and strong desire
 O may our spirits daily rise,
And reach, at last, the shining choir,
 In brighter mansions of the skies.

HYMN 316. L. M. [b or #]

Faith in God in a Time of Distress.

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
 Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
 Nor autumn swell the ripening grain ,
- 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
 Around their famished master die,
And hope itself, expiring, weep,
 Whilst life deplores its last supply ;—
- 3 Amidst the dark, the deathful scene,
 If I can say, The Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
 And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives ;
 My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
 Nor shall my hope or trust be vain.

- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die ;
Thy love can bid my pain depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.

HYMN 317. L. M. [#]

Faith in the invisible God.

- 1 ALMIGHTY and immortal King,
 Thy peerless splendours none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see,
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fixed regards, great God, to thee.
- 3 This one petition would it urge,
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only Portion and Delight.

HYMN 318. C. M. [#]

Joys of Faith and Hope.

- 1 THOSE happy realms of joy and peace,
 Fain would my heart explore,
Where grief and pain forever cease,
 And I shall sin no more.
- 2 No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
 No languor seize the frame ;
But ever-active vigour rise
 To feed the vital flame.

- 3 O for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave,
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.
- 4 Here fix, my soul, for life is here ;
Light breaks amid the gloom ;
Trust in thy Father's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

HYMN 319. C. M. [# or b]

Looking at Things unseen.

- 1 WHY should the world's alluring toys
' Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies.
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay ;
They fade upon the sight ;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 320. L. M. [b]

Faith in the Redeemer's Sacrifice.

- 1 **LORD**, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Glad hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fear depart.
- 2 I hear thy groans with deep surprise,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes ;
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguish filled, and pains unknown.
- 3 For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies ;
What love ! what mercy ! how divine !
And can I call this Saviour mine !
- 4 Be, then, my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise,
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

HYMN 321. S. M. [#]

Faith and Hope.

- 1 **ARISE !** expand your wings
Of faith, and hope, and zeal,
And soar aloft to heavenly things,
To Zion's sacred hill.
- 2 There all the prophets live,
And feed on heavenly meat ;
Such water, too, as Christ can give,
And all the air is sweet.

- 3 There's nothing here, we find,
That can supply the soul ;
No pleasant relish to the mind ;
Here dangerous waters roll.
- 4 There living streams of grace
From Jesus flow along,
And there I see his smiling face,
And join the heavenly song.

HYMN 322. C. M. [b or #]

Hope.

- 1 BORNE o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's watery grave,
And his lone bosom cheers.
- 2 Then, should the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach, secure, his cherished home,
The haven of his love.
- 3 So when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest hope, beyond the tomb,
Illume the pilgrim's way.
- 4 They point to that serene abode
Where holy faith shall rest,
Protected by the sufferer's God,
And be forever blest.
- 5 O still, through sorrow's rayless night,
O'ershade our worldly way ;
May pure religion's holy light
Shine with o'erpowering ray.

HYMN 323. L. M. [# or b]

Hope the Anchor of the Soul.

- 1 O God, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart !
How dark, how mournful, are my days,
If thine enlivening beams depart !
- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes ;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise ?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky ,
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in assurance die !
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

HYMN 324. C. M. [#]

Transporting View of Heaven.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

HYMN 325. L. M. [#]

The Soul's Anticipations.

- 1 BEAR me, ye spirits of the blest,
To Zion's bowers of joy and peace,
Where all is love and heavenly rest,
And holy anthems never cease.
- 2 Here, in this world of sin and wo,
I groan in bondage, toil, and pain ;
Where'er with wandering steps I go,
On earth, for bliss, my search is vain.
- 3 Above such scenes, on Canaan's coast,
A rapturous prospect cheers the soul,
Where discord, wrath, and strife, are lost,
And seas of bliss ecstatic roll.
- 4 Sweet heavenly fields their bloom display ;
No root of bitterness is found ;
The Sun of love shines all the day,
And spreads a joyful scene around.
- 5 Then bear me, spirits of the blest,
On faith and hope's most lively wing,
To Zion's bowers of heavenly rest,
Where I may holy anthems sing.

HYMN 326. C. M. [#]

God our Hope and Joy.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires :
O could I say, The Lord is mine !
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refined,
Substantial bliss without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shade of wo,
Bid stormy troubles cease,
And spread the dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.
- 4 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love ;
O speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove :
- 5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To sound thy praise abroad.

HYMN 327. 7 & 6s. M. [#]

Faith in God.

- 1 **GOD** is my strong Salvation :
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help, is near :

Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand :
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand ?

- 2 Place on the Lord reliance ;
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate ;
 His might thine heart shall strengthen ;
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

HYMN 328. C. M. [# or b]

Assurance of Hope.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at envy's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my Heaven, my All.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

PENITENCE AND REFORMATION.

HYMN 329. C. M. [b]

Repentance and Hope.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure Retreat,
My restless cares control,
And, with the cheerful smile of peace,
Revive my fainting soul.
- 2 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms my rising doubts,
And dissipates my fears.
- 3 From that blest Source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds its soft, diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 4 My griefs confess its vital power,
And bless the friendly ray
Which ushers in the peaceful morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN 330. C. M. [b]

Repentance.

- 1 My Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide my blushing face.

- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart,
By earth's unworthy cares betrayed,
From Jesus to depart !
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest :
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, the pardoning word,
With pity in thine eye.

HYMN 331. L. M. [b]

Penitential Confession.

- 1 HEAR me, O Lord, in my distress ;
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;
For, at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.
- 2 Lord, I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, in-dwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And passions raging to devour.
- 3 Teach me thy will, subdue my own ;
Thou art my God, and thou alone ;
By thy good spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.
- 4 Release my soul from trouble, Lord ;
Quicken and keep me by thy word ;
May all its promises be mine ;
Be thou my Portion—I am thine.

HYMN 332. C. M. [b]

Contrition.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn !
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, Return ?
- 3 O shine on this benighted heart !
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy :
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

HYMN 333. L. M. [b]

Penitential Aspirations.

- 1 SHOW mercy, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 O wash my soul from every stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain ;
Give me to hear thy pardoning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.

- 3 Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed ;
Nor let me, lost in hopeless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 4 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And every power shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

HYMN 334. C. M. [b]

Repentance and Peace.

- 1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet Sovereign Mercy calls, Return :
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn :
O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty Grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine,
Which can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine !
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore :
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 335. L. M. [b]

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel !
What agonies of inward smart !
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess ;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word ;
Thy holy spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat ;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear !
And, when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

HYMN 336. 7s. M. [b]

Penitential.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent,

- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain,—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own :
Humbled, at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

HYMN 337. L. M. [b]

Sorrow for Sin.

- 1 My spirit longs its rest to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 2 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 3 Fain would I learn of thee, my Lord,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross is hallowed by thy blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 4 I would, but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release :
Lord, bring, O bring, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

CHARITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

HYMN 338. C. M. [# or b]

Nature and Fruits of Charity.

- 1 O CHARITY, thou heavenly grace,
All-tender, soft, and kind,
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclined !
- 2 The man of charity extends
To all his helping hand ;
His kindred, neighbours, foes, and friends,
His pity may command.
- 3 He aids the poor in their distress ;
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the prisoner, deaf, and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find ;
He loves to give relief.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds, and ardent feet,
'To yonder happy skies.

HYMN 339. C. M. [# or b]

Christian Charity.

- 1 **JESUS**, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine :
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the world is thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayest be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard
- 5 Thy face, with pity and with love,
In all thy poor I see ;
Lord, I would rather beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

HYMN 340. L. M. [# or b]

Blessings of Charity.

- 1 **BLEST** is the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress,
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.

- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More than his willing hand can do :
He in the time of wasting grief
Shall find the Lord has pity too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

HYMN 341. C. P. M. [#]

Christian Beneficence.

- 1 HAIL, love divine ! joys ever new,
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
Our souls delighted share,
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.
- 2 By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.
- 3 O God, with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline ;

Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence the soul,
And make us wholly thine.

HYMN 342. C. M. [b or #]

Christian Philanthropy.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain ;—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's wo to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.
- 5 To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil,
The perfect law of love.

HYMN 343. S. M. [#]

The Influence of Love.

- 1 LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite;

- Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.
- 2 We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.
- 3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.
- 4 Let love forever grow,
And banish wrath and strife;
So shall we witness here below
The joys of social life.
- 5 When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise.
And reign through all the place.

HYMN 344. H. M. [#]

Friendship and Charity.

- 1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren, who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity !
'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,

When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands ;
Yea, life for evermore :
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

HYMN 345. 7s. M. [#]

Blessings of Friendship.

- 1 FRIENDSHIP, 'tis the gift of Heaven,
Whose commands we must obey ;
None more blissful has it given ;
None so cheers our earthly way.
- 2 When the beating storms of life
Agonize the troubled breast,—
When contention, care, or strife,
Robs the soul of quiet rest,—
- 3 Then does friendship's soothing voice
Lull to rest unnumbered woes,
Make the wounded heart rejoice,
Triumph o'er all earthly foes.
- 4 Friendship pure, celestial, kind,
Gives the anguished soul relief,
Animates the drooping mind,
Soothes the pangs of pungent grief.
- 5 Gracious Lord, this gift divine
Deign to spread through earth abroad ;
Make its sun arise and shine
With the light of thee, our God.

HYMN 346. L. M. [#]

Benevolence.

- 1 SPIRIT of bright, expanded wing,
Brood o'er the chaos of the mind ;
Thy purest pleasures hither bring,
And fill the soul with joy divine.
- 2 In paradise thy charms were known,
Where first the morning stars appeared,
When light upon creation shone,
And all the vale of Eden cheered.
- 3 Thy birth was in that fountain clear
Which issues from the throne above,
Where Mercy stoops our plaints to hear,
Where flow the streams of sacred love.
- 4 Benevolence, thy smile imparts
The sweetest joys to mortals given ;
Refines, directs, restrains our hearts,
And cheers us with the bliss of heaven.

HYMN 347. L. M. [#]

Pleasures of Friendship.

- 1 How pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
When kindred souls in friendship join,
Whose joys and cares united meet
In bands of amity divine !
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment poured
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy sweets, profusely showered,
Down to his sacred vesture spread.

- 3 Not flowery Hermon e'er displayed,
Impearled with dew, a fairer sight ;
Nor Zion's beauteous hills, arrayed
In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 'Tis here the Lord, indulgent, sheds
His kindest gifts, a heavenly store ,
With life immortal crowns their heads,
When earth's frail comforts please no more.

HYMN 348. C. M. [b or #]

Aspirations of Charity.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo !
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man
When throned above the skies,
And, mid the glories of that world,
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

HYMN 349. L. M. [#]

Christian Friendship.

- 1 In friendship pure, a sun divine
Sends forth a clear, increasing light ;
Brighter its emanations shine
Than aught beside which charms the sight.
- 2 Whatever man to man endears
Is softened and refined by love ;
Beneath the weight of growing years
It brings us blessings from above.
- 3 It is the lonely stranger's friend,
Who drinks the bitter cup of grief ;
Whose secret sighs to heaven ascend,
And find in tears a sweet relief.
- 4 With friendship, Lord, may all be blest ;
Fast in its bonds all bosoms bind ;
O may its ardour warm each breast,
Its inspirations fill each mind.

HYMN 350. L. M. [#]

Christian Union.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.
- 2 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

- 3 Their hearts together seek the place
Where God reveals his smiling face ;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

HYMN 351. C. M. [b]

Compassion.

- 1 DAUGHTERS of pity, tune the lay ;
To mourners joy belongs ;
While he that wipes all tears away
Accepts our thankful songs.
- 2 No altars smoke, no offerings bleed,
No guiltless lives expire ;
To help a brother in his need
Is all our rites require.
- 3 Our offering is a willing mind
To comfort the distressed ;
In others' good our own to find,
In others' blessings blest.
- 4 Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant a rose.
- 5 Go where the friendless stranger lies,
To perish in his doom,
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.

- 6 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give ;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

HYMN 352. L. M. [#]

Love to God and Man.

- 1 Thus saith the first and great command,—
Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Thy heart's sincere affection prove ;
And let thy wishes for thyself
Measure to him the debt of love.
- 3 But while these sacred truths we own,
How cold remain our bosoms still !
Wake our best passions, God of love,
And mould our spirits to thy will.

HYMN 353. L. M. [#]

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired, O God, to know
All that is done above, below,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;—
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 354. C. M. [#]

Law of Love.

- 1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong, embracing force ;
The drops that sparkle in the flower,
The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love ;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.
- 3 In this fine sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part ;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.
- 4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul ;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.
- 5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed,
More clearly shows that God is love,
And whom he loves is blessed.

HYMN 355. C. M. [#]

Christ's Love to Enemies our Example.

- 1 God of our mercy and our praise,
Thy glory is our song ;
We'll speak the honours of thy grace
With a rejoicing tongue.
- 2 When Christ, among the sons of men,
In humble form was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion moved,
Their peace he still pursued :
They rendered hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice raged without a cause ;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross
And blessed his foes in death.
- 5 O may his conduct, all divine,
To us a model prove :
Like his, O God, our hearts incline,
Our enemies to love.

RELIGION AND ITS FRUITS.

HYMN 356. C. M. [#]**Religion.**

- 1 **RELIGION** is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give such sweet repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
'Twill fit us for the tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 5 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

HYMN 357. C. M. [#]

Inconstancy in Religion.

- 1 IMMORTAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name :
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours ;
Sure as the world's established course,
Abundant as the showers.
- 3 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.
- 4 Armed with this energy divine,
Our steadfast souls shall move ;
And with increasing transports press,
To reach thy courts above.

HYMN 358. C. M. [# or b]

Experimental Religion.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
And purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 359. S. M. [#]

Joys of Religion.

1 How blest is man, O God,
When first, with single eye,
He views the glory of thy grace,
The day-spring from on high.

2 Through storms which cloud the skies,
And brood o'er earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness breaks forth,
With healing in his wings.

3 Struck by that light, his heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends shoots of righteousness abroad,
Where follies sprung before.

4 The soul, so dreary once,
Once misery's dark domain,
Feels happiness unknown before,
And owns a heavenly reign.

HYMN 360. L. M. [#]

A Conversation becoming the Gospel.

- 1 **WHEN** Jesus, our great Master, came
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.
- 2 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Maker, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 4 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- ♥ 5 What though we drink of sorrow's cup—
Religion bears our spirits up ;
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 361. S. M. [# or b]

Misimprovement of religious Privileges.

- 1 **LONG** have we heard the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.

- 2 How feeble is our love ;
How negligent our fear ;
How low our hope of joys above,
How few affections there.
- 3 Lord, ere our feet retire
From this devoted place,
Our feeble purposes inspire
With thine awakening grace.
- 4 O shed through every heart
A glow of love divine ;
Nor let thy grace from us depart,
Till we are wholly thine.

HYMN 362. C. M. [# or b]

Comforts of Religion.

- 1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade,—
- 2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And every fear shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.
- 3 Through life's bewildered, darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads,
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
This blest supporter of the mind
Affords a powerful aid.

- 5 O may our hearts confess her power,
 And find a sweet relief,
 To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief !

HYMN 363. C. M. [#]

Early Religion.

- 1 A YOUTH devoted to the Lord
 Is pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower when offered in the bud
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 It saves us from a thousand fears,
 To mind religion young ;
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,
 And renders virtue strong.
- 3 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
 Our hearts we now resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 4 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
 While we have life and breath ;
 Thus we're prepared for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

HYMN 364. L. M. [# or b]

Benefits of Religion.

- 1 O WHAT a lovely thing to see
 A man of kind and prudent heart,
 Whose thoughts, and lips and life agree
 To act a wise and useful part !

- 2 When envy, strife and war begin,
And rage in little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And gently quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek ;
No wrath, no furious passions rise ;
No malice moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride nor scorn exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love ;
Good works employ and bless their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the deadly sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind ;
Such were the pleasures he pursued ;
His mien was gentle and refined,
Tender his soul, divinely good.

HYMN 365. L. P. M. [#]

Strong religious Confidence.

- 1 God is our Refuge in distress,
A present Help when dangers press ;
In him undaunted we'll confide,
Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 2 He that has God his Guardian made
Shall under his almighty shade
Secure and undisturbed abide :
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my Fortress, and my Stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

- 3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
And from all noisome pestilence ;
He over me his wings shall spread,
And cover mine unguarded head ;
His truth shall be my strong defence.

HYMN 366. L. M. [#]

Blessedness of the Christian Life.

- 1 **B**LEST are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart :
Divine compassion freely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 **B**lest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.

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HYMN 367. C. M. [#]

Religion a Source of Happiness.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 368. S. M. [#]

Christian Watchfulness.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in your office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight ;
For holy is his name.

- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak he's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

HYMN 369. S. M. [#]

Sonship by Grace.

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May cleanse our souls from every sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

HYMN 370. L. M. [#]

Christian Vigilance and Reproof.

- 1 LORD, when I call, make haste to hear,
And to my voice incline thine ear ;
So shall my prayer like incense rise,
My lifted hands like sacrifice.
- 2 O set upon my lips a guard,
And let my tongue be doubly barred :
Let not my heart to vice incline,
Nor let my hand in mischief join.
- 3 If e'er from wisdom's path I stray,
And walk in sin's delusive way,
Let virtue's friends, severely kind,
Reprove the errors of my mind.
- 4 Their faithful words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but heal my head ;
And when I find them pressed with grief,
I'll pray to Heaven for their relief.

HYMN 371. C. M. [#]

Dependence and Submission.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee ;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love shall vainer loves expel ;
That fear all fears beside.

- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply ;
The good, unasked, O Father, grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

HYMN 372. L. M. [#]

Desire of Wisdom and Obedience.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way,
That, to my life's remotest day,
By thine unerring precepts led,
My feet thy heavenly paths may tread.
- 2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee a pure obedience yield.
- * 3 Give me to know thy will aright,—
Thy will, my glory and delight,—
That, raised above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.
- 4 O turn from vanity mine eye ;
To me thy quickening strength supply ;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

HYMN 373. C. M. [#]

Cheerful Obedience.

- 1 THOU art my Portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My willing heart obeys thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice :
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Now I am thine, forever thine ;
O save thy servant, Lord :
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place ;
My hope is in thy word.
- 5 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

HYMN 374. L. M. [#]

Acknowledgment of divine Goodness.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred joy and praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his works and ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care ;
In him we live, in him we move ;
But nobler benefits declare
His wonders in redeeming love.
- 3 From heaven he sent his holy Son
To save a world from death and sin ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it boundless and divine.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come ;
On this alone our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
Where storms of trouble never rise.

**HUMILITY, PATIENCE AND
RESIGNATION.**

HYMN 375. L. M. [b]

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :

How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !

- 4 God of our lives, Father divine,
Give us a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth, O may we shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

HYMN 376. C. M. [b]

Prostration.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, with filial awe,
The dictates of thy God ;
Silent and trembling, hear the voice
Of his appointed rod.
- 2 Now let me search and try my ways,
And, prostrate, seek his face ;
Conscious of guilt, before his throne,
In dust my soul abase.
- 3 Teach me, my God, what's yet unknown,
And all my crimes forgive ;
Those crimes I would no more repeat,
But to thine honour live.
- 4 My withered joys too plainly show
That all on earth is vain :
In God my wounded heart confides,
True rest and bliss to gain.
- 5 Father, I wait thy gracious call
To leave this mournful land,
And bathe in rivers of delight
That flow at thy right hand.

HYMN 377. C. M. [b]

Thirsting after God.

- 1 WHEN, fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream,—
- 2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.
- 3 Thus sweet the consolations are,
The promises impart ;
Here flowing streams of life appear,
To ease the panting heart.
- 4 O, when I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire,
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire,—
- 5 Then let my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

HYMN 378. L. M. [b or #]

Patience.

- 1 PATIENCE ! O what a grace divine,
Sent from the God of peace and love,
That leans upon its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove !

- 2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait, contented, our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we in full sensation feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amidst our deepest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's vain dreams and tumults o'er,
We reach the realms of endless rest.

HYMN 379. C. M. [b]

Submission to God under Affliction.

- 1 PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart :
Ye busy cares, be still ;
Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.
- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent Mercy bends,
And, unrepining, when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.
- 4 Yes, Lord, I own thy sovereign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind :
Be every anxious thought suppressed
And all my soul resigned.

HYMN 380. L. M. [b]

Meekness.

- 1 **HAPPY** the meek, whose gentle breast
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting ;
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath Jehovah's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion, rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

HYMN 381. C. M. [b]

Resignation.

- 1 **O RESIGNATION**, heavenly power,
Our warmest thoughts engage ;
Thou art the safest guide of youth,
The sure support of age.
- 2 Teach us the hand of Love divine
In evils to discern ;
'Tis the first lesson which we need,
The latest which we learn.
- 3 Resign, and all the pain of life
That moment we remove ;
The heavy load of grief and care
Devolves on One above.

- 4 He bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand,
Supports our feeble frame, and makes
Our weary feet to stand.

HYMN 382. C. M. [b or #]

Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 But, ah, my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 383. 8 & 7s. M. [b or #]

Confidence in God.

- 1 **CALM**, my soul, behold thy Saviour !
This blest thought shall joy impart,
Though by all the world forsaken,
That he bears me on his heart.
- 2 What though all the world are preaching,
Death shall reign forever more ;
I'm instructed, by his teaching,
That its reign shall soon be o'er.
- 3 See in Christ all things created ;
This was God's eternal plan ;
In him all are reinstated,
Sacred Head of every man.
- 4 O for such transcendent goodness
May each soul in concert rise,
In melodious, grateful anthems,
Sound his praises to the skies.

HYMN 384. C. M. [# or b]

Quieting Reflections.

- 1 To calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heavenly Friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret wo control ;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst soothe each mortal care ;
And every deep and heartfelt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4 Eternal Source of life and health,
And every bliss we feel,
In sorrow and in joy, to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

HYMN 385. L. M. [#]

Trust and Resignation implored.

- 1 O God, to thee we raise our eyes ;
Calm resignation we implore ;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let our hearts adore.
- 2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain ;
Nor think our trials too severe ;
Nor dare thy goodness to arraign.
- 3 For, though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.
- 4 Thy needful aid, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair ;
Help us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

HYMN 386. L. M. [b or #]

Peace of Conscience.

- 1 WHILE** some in folly's pleasure roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last.
- 2 With** this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 3 Amidst** the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod ?
- 4 His** hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

HYMN 387. C. M. [# or b]

Resignation and Rest.

- 1 WHEN** I survey life's varied scene,
Amidst the darkest hours,
Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 This** thought can all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
No harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye.

- 3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.
- 4 If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their power why should I fear ?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

HYMN 388. L. M. [#]

Reconciliation and Gratitude.

- 1 THE trifling joys this world can give
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply ;
A soul which hopes, through grace, to live
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.
- 2 Yet, O my God, I would not slight
The smallest of thy gifts to me ;
The least affords me some delight,
And shows thy mercy rich and free.
- 3 My friends, my health, my daily food,
All blessings granted here below,
Proclaim aloud that thou art good ;
Thy goodness all the world shall know.
- 4 But, O, it is a greater joy
To feel my heart is reconciled ;
To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
And claim me as thy ransomed child.

HYMN 389. C. P. M. [#]

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts the jewel lies ;
 Nor need we roam abroad .
 The world has little to bestow ;
 From pious hearts our joys must flow,
 Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 To be resigned when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleased with favours given,—
 This is the wise, the pious part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heaven.
- 3 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go
 Its chequered paths of joy and wo
 With holy care we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

ZEAL, FORTITUDE AND PRUDENCE.

HYMN 390. C. M. [#]

Zeal true and false.

- 1 **ZEAL** is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name ;
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
Come, see what I can do.
- 6 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

HYMN 391. L. M. [#]

Persecution and Intolerance absurd.

- 1 **ABSURD** and vain attempt to bind,
With iron chains, the free-born mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame !
- 2 **Bold** arrogance, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given ;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne
Accountable to God alone !
- 3 **Our Master's** gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve ;
Mild as himself, his doctrine wields
No arms but those persuasion yields.
- 4 **By proofs** divine, and reasons strong,
It draws the willing soul along ;
And conquests to his truth acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

HYMN 392. C. M. [#]

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race.

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 **A cloud** of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul, with all thy wakened powers;
Survey the heavenly prize ;
Nor let the glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

HYMN 393. L. M. [#]

Holy Resolution.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain;
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O, be his service all my joy ;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supremé control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 6 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways :
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN 394. S. M. [#]

Obedience to God as our Father.

- 1 My Father, I adore
That all-commanding name ;
O may it virtue's strength restore,
And raise devotion's flame.
- 2 I bow at his commands,
And filial homage pay ;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I'll cheerfully obey.
- 3 No more will I transgress,
As I too oft have done,
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.
- 4 My Father thus I'll claim,
And prove myself his son ;
And, while I bear the filial name,
The filial duties own.
- 5 Do thou the strength impart,
This purpose to fulfil :
Lord, write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.
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HYMN 395. L. M. [#]

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Leader, Christ, has gone.
- 2 Sin and the world resist thy course ;
But these, my soul, are vanquished foes ;
For Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sang the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate :
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a victor's crown,
And triumph in Jehovah's grace :
There all the just, in chorus joined,
Unite to celebrate his praise.

HYMN 396. C. M. [# or b]

Prudence.

- 1 **FATHER** of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide,
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

- 3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight ;
And, whilst I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart,
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart.

HYMN 397. L. M. [#]

Resistance of Temptations.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
See how thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 See how rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage
See pleasure's silken banners spread
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 I tread upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset me round ;
O let me, then, guard every part,
But most the traitor in my heart.
- 4 O teach thy servant how to wield,
Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield ;
Put on thy armour, from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

HYMN 398. L. M. [#]

Prudent Use of Time.

- 1 God of eternity, from thee
Did infant time his being draw :
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 The thoughtless tribes of mortal men
Along the mighty stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
That country whence there's no return.
- 3 Great Source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the worth of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

HYMN 399. L. M. [#]

Gratitude and holy Resolutions.

- 1 How many millions draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God allots my share of time
Within his gospel's favoured clime !
- 2 My soul, I charge thee to excel
In thinking right and acting well ;
Deep let thy searching powers engage,
Unbiased, in the sacred page.
- 3 Heighten the force of good desire ;
To deeds of shining worth aspire ;
More firm in fortitude, despise
The world's seducing vanities.

- 4 Strong and more strong thy passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school ;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.
-

RELIGIOUS EXULTATION.

HYMN 400. C. M. [#]

Holy Exultations.

- 1 GLORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through,
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 Chcerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,—
Pleasures that flow around the foot
Of God's eternal throne.
- 3 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt, and darkness, here ?
- 4 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go ;
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys, unwithering, grow.
- 25 *

HYMN 401. S. M. [#]

Heavenly Glory on Earth.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
And heavenly fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope will grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 402. L. M. [#]

Triumphant Anticipations.

- 1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame !
Lord, how we love thy charming name !

- 2 When I can say, My God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light ;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

HYMN 403. S. M. [#]

Day of Rest.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear Lord is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sweetly sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 404. L. M. [#]

Heavenly Aspirations.

- 1 **LORD**, could I learn those hallowed strains
Which wake the raptures of the skies,
And view by faith the sacred plains
Where streams of living transport rise,—
- 2 Joyful I'd quit each scene below ;
No mortal charm my heart should bind ;
Fearless through death's lone vale I'd go,
Nor cast one lingering look behind.
- 3 O send thy spirit from above
To fan my fervour to a flame ;
Display the fulness of thy love,
And all the glories of thy name :—
- 4 Then shall my breast with rapture glow,
And joys seraphic swell my song ;
Then, mid these dull delights below,
Shall strains divine employ my tongue.

HYMN 405. C. P. M. [#]

Delighting in divine Goodness.

- 1 **PARENT** of good, thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight ;
Thy name is all divine :
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good or fair,
But is entirely thine.
- 2 Immensely high thy glories rise ;
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield ;

An ocean wide without a bound,
Where every noble wish is drowned,
And every want is filled.

- 3 To thee my warm affections move,
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall :
I pant for nought beneath the skies ;
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal All !

HYMN 406. C. M. [#]

Spiritual and eternal Joy.

- 1 From thee, O God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my glorious Saviour reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

HYMN 407. C. M. [#]

Exulting in God's Praise.

- 1 MY soul shall bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread his praise abroad.
- 5 When death is past, in purer strains
My grateful praise I'll pay ;
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.

HYMN 408. L. M. [#]

A Call to universal and fervent Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament again
Shall echo back the joyful strain.

- 2 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
To spread your sacred pleasure round ;
And let the cymbal, sounding high,
To softer, deeper notes reply ;
- 3 Let all whom life and breath inspire
Attend and join the blissful choir ;
Harmonious, let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.

HYMN 409. S. M. [#]

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till ye feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues ;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires your songs.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye ransomed children, come ;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

HYMN 410. S. M. [#]

Christian Hope and Joy.

- 1 **CHRISTIANS**, dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed ;
The welcome news with gladness hear ;
The Lord is risen indeed !
- 2 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display ;
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.
- 3 Angelic hosts above
The rising victor sing,
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.
- 4 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise ,
Let every breast with gladness glow,
And every mouth be praise.

HYMN 411. 10 & 11s. M. [#]

Praise and Exultation.

- 1 **O PRAISE** ye the Lord ; prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King ;
The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we
bring.

- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might,
And let your glad song awake with each morn ;
For those who obey him are still his delight ;
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord ; prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN 412. S. M. [#]

Rejoicing in the Hope set before us.

- 1 Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 The flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 3 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 4 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way ;
To him, who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day !

HYMN 413. C. M. [#]

God the Soul's highest Delight.

- 1 My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun :
He is my soul's sweet Morning-star,
And he my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of pains and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 414. H. M. [#]

Beauty and Exultation of Zion.

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high ;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh :

Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
And wide extend thy rays divine.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade ;
His all-resplendent grace
He sheds upon thy head :
Thy form the nations round shall view,
Divinely crowned with lustre new.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright ;
His praise pursue, till sovereign love
The glory raise in worlds above.

HYMN 415. L. M. [#]

Joyful View of God's Works.

- 1 Now, to the God, to whom all might
And glory in all worlds belong,
Who fills, unseen, his throne of light,
Come, let us sing a joyful song.
- 2 His spirit wrapped the mantling air,
Of old, around our infant earth,
And, on her bosom, warm and fair,
Gave her young Lord his joyous birth.
- 3 He smiles on morning's rosy way ;
He paints the gorgeous clouds of even ;
To noon he gives its ripening ray ;
To night the view of glorious heaven.
- 4 He drives along those sparkling globes
In circles of unerring truth ;

He decks them all in radiant robes,
And crowns them with eternal youth.

- 5 So will he crown the upright mind,
When life and all its toils are o'er :
Then let his praise, on every wind,
Rise, till the winds shall wake no more.

HYMN 416. C. M. [#]

Joy and Praise.

- 1 MORTALS, awake ; exult in God ;
His lasting honours raise ;
His wondrous works and boundless love
Demand unceasing praise.
- 2 His bounteous hand gives every good,
Makes earth with mercy shine,
And guides us to a life, through Christ,
Immortal and divine.
- 3 My soul shall lift his honours high,
Till death shall still my tongue ;
Then, mid the realms of endless bliss,
Revive the rapturous song.

HYMN 417. C. M. [#]

Delight in the Presence of God.

- 1 Thy presence, Lord, gives pure delight,
Our sorrows takes away,
Dispels the darkness of our night,
And spreads effulgent day.
- 2 Like water to the thirsty soul
Are flowings of thy love,

Thy spirit sways with soft control,
And bears our thoughts above.

- 3 Why should we then decline from thee?
In search of folly rove?
Or strive to set our passions free
From these soft bands of love?
- 4 Extend around thy loving arms,
Infold us in thy breast,
Where, captives to resistless charms,
Our joyful souls may rest.

HYMN 418. 6 l. L. M. [#]

Angelic Strains responded.

- 1 **ARRAYED** in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heaven's resplendent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below:
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!
- 2 Good will henceforth to man be given;
The light of glory beams on earth;
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints below rejoice with mirth:
On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing,
And Judah's children hail their King.

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EVANGELICAL DEVOTION.

HYMN 419. C. M. [# or b]

Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 420. C. M. [b]

Secret Devotion.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning-sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent prayer
Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN 421. L. M. [# or b]

Devout Considerations and Desires.

- 1 As showers on meadows newly mown
The Lord shall shed his blessings down;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that, beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden life and verdure wear.

- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

HYMN 422. C. M. [# or b]

Breathing after the holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 423. L. M. [#]

Pleasures of Devotion.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine,
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

HYMN 424. L. M. [#]

Spiritual Provisions devoutly acknowledged.

- 1 THE Lord, our Shepherd, feeds his flock,
And shades them with the towering rock;
Our God provides each heavenly good,
And fills our souls with lasting food.
- 2 Where pastures grow in living green,
And spread a rich and flowing scene,
There do we rest, when toil o'ercomes,
Inhaling all the sweet perfumes.
- 3 Where waters of salvation flow,
To cheer the humble vale below,
There doth our Shepherd kindly guide,
And for our parching thirst provide.
- 4 When from this fold we ever stray,
He marks our wandering, devious way,
Reclaims our souls to blissful rest,
And brings us leaning on his breast.
- 5 Shepherd and Bishop of my soul,
O make thy wounded servant whole;
Continue all thy gifts of love,
Till I shall reach thy fold above.

HYMN 425. 7s M. [# or b]

Devout Thanks and Supplication.

- 1 THANKS for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view.

- 2** Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

HYMN 426. C. M. [#]

Devout Desires.

- 1** **ETERNAL** Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2** Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3** Safely conduct us by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures which forever flow
At thy right hand, O God.

HYMN 427. 8 l. L. M. [# or b]

God's Presence the Refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1** **WHEN** dread misfortune's tempests rise,
And roar through all the darkened skies,
Where shall the trembling pilgrim gain
A shelter from the wind and rain ?
Within the covert of thy grace,
O Lord, there is a hiding-place,
Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound,
Though storm and tempest rage around.
- 2** When, wandering o'er the desert bare,
Of burning sands and sultry air,

We've sought the cheerless region through,
But found no stream to meet our view,—
'Tis then the rivers of thy love,
Descending from thy throne above,
Supply our wants, and soothe our pain,
And raise our fainting souls again.

- 3 When in a weary land we tire,
And, all unnerved, our powers expire,
With toil, and care, and heat oppressed,
Where shall our languid spirits rest?
O, who could bear the blasting ray,
And all the burden of the day,
Did not a Rock in Zion stand,
O'ershading all this weary land!

HYMN 428. C. M. [#]

Constant Devotion.

- 1 BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake, each charming string.
- 2 Awake, and let the flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst the silent orbs
The silver moon rolls clear:
- 3 While all the glittering, starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky,
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To my admiring eye.
- 4 And, as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,

Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.

- 5 For this, I'll midnight vows to thee
With early incense bring;
And, ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

HYMN 429. L. M. [b or #]

Abide with us.

- 1 ABIDE with us ; the evening shades
Begin already to prevail ;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds in fields of azure sail.
- 2 Abide with us ; the night is chill ;
And damp and cheerless is the air ;
Be our companion, stranger, still,
And thy repose shall be our care.
- 3 Abide with us ; thy converse sweet
Has well beguiled the tedious way ;
With such a friend we joy to meet,
We supplicate thy longer stay.
- 4 Abide with us ; for well we know
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour ;
Like balm thy honeyed accents flow ;
Our wounded spirits feel their power.
- 5 Abide with us ; and still converse
Of him who late on Calvary died ;
Of him the prophecies rehearse ;
He was our Friend they crucified.

- 6 Abide with us ; we feel the charm,
That binds us to our unknown friend ;
Here pass the night secure from harm,
Here, stranger, let thy wanderings end.

HYMN 430. 8 & 7s. M. [b]

Devotion.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation ?
Every pure and humble mind ;
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined :
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord, with favour still attend us ;
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us :
All our hope is from above.

HYMN 431. L. M. [#]

Progressive Grace and Devotion.

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand :
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true ;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

HYMN 432. 6 l. L. M. [# or b]

Light of Devotion.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to thy throne, my Lord and King,
A morning sacrifice I bring,

And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,—
 Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
 And be my Advocate with God.

- 3 As every day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials and its cares,
 O, Saviour, till my life shall end,
 Be thou my Counsellor and Friend :
 Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
 And be thy great example mine.

HYMN 433. L. M. [# or b]

Humble Devotion.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
 Be all beneath thyself forgot,
 Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
 In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 O may we live before thy face
 The willing subjects of thy grace,
 And through each path of duty move
 With filial awe and filial love !

HYMN 434. L. M. [#]

Ardent Devotion.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
 'Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest ;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Not all by worldly men possessed,
 Nor all the joys our senses know,

Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

- 3 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

HYMN 435. L. M. [#]

Private and public Devotion.

- 1 God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
And loves to see that worship rise,
Which forms his offspring for the skies.
- 2 His mercy every house attends,
Whence pure devotion's flame ascends,
And ever lends a gracious ear,
Where churches join in praise and prayer.
- 3 His blessing yields a large increase
Of wisdom, and of sacred peace ;
While ripening holiness and love
Prepare their souls for joys above.
- 4 Father supreme, whose sovereign sway
All worlds, all beings, must obey,
May our first wish and object be,
On earth, in heaven, to dwell with thee.

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HYMN 436. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

Devotional Praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator ;
Praise to thee from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

HYMN 437. S. M. [#]

Pure Devotion.

- 1 LET pure devotion rise,
And kindle to a flame,
Ascend like incense to the skies,
In our Redeemer's name.
- 2 His word, like drops of dew,
Descends on every heart,
Subdues and fashions us anew,
And bids our sins depart.
- 3 His grace our faith sustains,
And dissipates our fear,
Binds all our wounds, abates our pains,
And gives us comforts here.
- 4 He bids our willing eyes
Look through the gloomy shade,
To joys immortal in the skies,
That never cloy nor fade.

CONSOLATORY SUBJECTS.

HYMN 438. C. M. [b]

God the Source of Consolation.

- 1 WHEN 'rest of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
What power shall save us from despair?
What dissipate the gloom?
- 2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.
- 3 But One alone, who reigns above,
Our wo to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love
That long has ceased to burn.
- 4 Then, O my soul, to that One flee;
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His power alone can heal.

HYMN 439. L. M. [b]

Death the Gate of endless Joy.

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter thero.

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there

HYMN 440. C. M. [b]

Comfort under Bereavements.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way ;

Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising day.

- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 441. L. P. M. [b]

On the Death of Friends.

- 1 O, God of my salvation, hear
My nightly groans, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath :
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and gloomy death.
- 2 Thy hand lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom .
My friends beloved, in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.
- 3 As lost in lonely grief I tread
The silent mansions of the dead,
Or to some thronged assembly go ;
Through all alike I rove alone,
Forgotten here, and there unknown,
The change renews my piercing wo.
- 4 My friends are gone, my comforts fled,
The sad remembrance of the dead
Recalls my wandering thoughts to mourn ;

But, through each melancholy day,
 I call on thee, and still will pray,
 Imploring still thy kind return.

HYMN 442. C. M. [b or #]

Human Frailty and divine Support.

- 1 **LET** others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear ;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.
- 2 **Fresh** as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay,—
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.
- 3 **Our** life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone ;
 Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long !
- 4 **But** 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that built us first ;
 Salvation to Jehovah's name
 That reared us from the dust.
- 5 **While** we have breath, or use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore :
 His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 443. S. M. [b or #]

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

- 1 **WHEN** sickness shakes the frame,
 Each dazzling pleasure flies •

- Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 Their charms deceive no more,
When death his sceptre shows,
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
- 3 The trembling frame of life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint ; but learn, each soul,
On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man whose heart is fixed
On his all-gracious God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.
- 5 Nor him shall death alarm ;
On heaven his soul relies,
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

HYMN 444. L. M. [b]

Blessed are they that mourn.

- 1 ~~DEEM~~ not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are earnest of serener years.

- 3 O there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
Grief may abide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light ;
- 4 For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

HYMN 445. H. M. [b or #]

Sorrow and Consolation.

- 1 How transient and how vain
Is all this world bestows !
How fleet, how full of pain,
And void of sweet repose !
All earthly joys are unrefined,
Nor give contentment to the mind.
- 2 But heavenly things are pure,
More lasting and more sweet,
Forever will endure,
With comforts more replete.
Should worlds be wrapped in blazing fire,
The love of God would not expire.
- 3 Believers have a hope
Which overcomes their fear ;
Which bears their courage up,
When death approaches near :
Each says, O come, my angel, come,
Bear me to my eternal home.

HYMN 446. P. M. [b]

Dying Christian.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away :
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens to mine eyes ; mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

HYMN 447. L. M. [# or b]

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 O COULD I soar to worlds above,
That state of perfect peace and love,
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angels' wings to joys on high !
- 2 But, ah, still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is changed to day ;

More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Exposed to trials, pains and care.

- 3 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest ;
To him I, cheerful, give my all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.
- 4 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay :
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.

HYMN 448. C. M. [b]

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our Guide.
- 3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace ;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more to us than all the world,
Our Health, our Life, our God.

HYMN 449. L. M. [b]

Affliction cometh not forth of the Dust.

- 1 AFFLICTION's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and tearful eye ;
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head.
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth :
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his wise commands.
- 3 The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies ;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn,
And from her lips these accents steal,
God smites to bless, he wounds to heal.

HYMN 450. L. M. [b]

Death of the eminently virtuous.

- 1 SWEET is the scene where virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves the dying breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing ;
O grave, where is thy victory now ?
Invidious death, where is thy sting ?
- 4 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which nothing can destroy ;
Naught can disturb that peace profound,
Which such unfettered souls enjoy.
- 5 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell !
A brighter, purer scene appears ;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 6 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
Sweet is the scene where virtue dies !

HYMN 451. C. M. [b]

Death of a Child.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.
- 2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs,
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

- 4 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears ;
 Religion points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that never die.

HYMN 452. L. M. [b]

Death of an Infant.

- 1 As the sweet flower, which scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day,
 Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death timely came with friendly care,
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it bloom forever there.
- 3 It died before the infant soul
 Had ever burned with wrong desire,
 Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
 Or ever quenched its sacred fire.
- 4 It died to sin, to wo and care ;
 Yet for a moment felt the rod ;
 Then, springing on the viewless air,
 Spread its light wings, and soared to God.

HYMN 453. C. M. [b]

Death of a young Person.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
 Which sorrow must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more ;
Behold the opening tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 5 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet the minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul !

HYMN 454. S. M. [b]

Death of the Aged.

- 1 How wide the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the tomb !
Which ends our toils and sorrows here,
And bears our spirits home.
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting Friend,
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till with them, in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

HYMN 455. L. M. [b]

Death of Parents.

- 1 THE God of mercy will indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
 When honoured parents fall around,
 When friends beloved and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
 Should with our mourning passions blend;
 Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
 Their mighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
 Thou art each tender name in one;
 On thee we cast our every care,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 4 To thee, our Father, would we look,
 Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,
 And on thy gracious love and truth
 With humble, steadfast hope depend.

HYMN 456. C. M. [b]

Death of a Minister.

- 1 THOUGH earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young;

- The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the suasive tongue ;
- 2 The heavenly Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 3 To him, when earthly comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly,
And on his never-ceasing care,
With cheerful hope, rely.
- 4 The powers of nature, Lord, are thine,
And thine the aids of grace ;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through every rising race.
- 5 Exert thy sacred influence here ;
Thy mourning servants bless :
O change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress.

HYMN 457. C. M. [# or b]

Land of Delight.

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 458. L. M. [#]

Anticipations of Heaven.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.
- 3 The blissful interview how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms, to view his face!
Through the full beamings of his grace!
- 4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;

For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

HYMN 459. C. M. [#]

House not made with Hands.

- 1 **THERE** is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my anxious spirit waits,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy embrace
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 The glorious gospel of his grace
Reveals this heaven to come,
While beams of mercy in his word
Allure and guide us home
- 4 Such is the hope which cheers the heart ;
This hope the Lord hath given ;
His spirit is the earnest now,
And seals our souls for heaven.

HYMN 460. S. M. [#]

Glories of Heaven.

- 1 **FAR** from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;

Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

- 3 No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.
- 4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 5 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

HYMN 461. L. P. M. [#]

Source of Consolation.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves the wretched, feeds the poor, ,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;

He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 462. C. M. [#]

Prospect of the Christian.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies !
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.
- 2 He knows that all these fleeting things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees, on time's extended wings,
How swift they pass away.
- 3 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view ; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.
- 4 His hopes, still fixed on joys to come,
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

HYMN 463. C. M. [# or b]

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode—
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unclouded day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
No more the noon-day sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

HYMN 464. L. M. [#]

Peace to the troubled Spirit.

- 1 SEE, from the ark, the mystic dove
On flying pinions takes her way,

- Through distant regions prone to move,
And view the wonders of the day.
- 2 Lo, she returns, and seeks her rest,
And brings the olive-branch of peace ;
Thus are the cheerless mourners blest,
The tidings all their hopes increase.
- 3 Thus does the spirit's witness show
A source of love, a fount of grace ;
A Saviour's goodness makes us know,
And points to God, our Righteousness.
- 4 Celestial messenger of joy,
Speed on thy way to this sad heart ;
Bring with thee peace without alloy,
And never from my soul depart.

HYMN 465. H. M. [#]

Sun of Heaven.

- 1 In yon blest world above,
Where angel-hosts reside,
The Sun of truth and love
Is never known to hide :
Its sacred heat forever glows ;
Divinely sweet to all it flows.
- 2 Its all-attracting light
Forever flows the same ;
No darkness there, or night,
No clouds, obscure the flame :
One endless day will constant shine,
And every ray is light divine.
- 3 O, could we see this light,
And feel its heavenly heat,

Joyful we'd take our flight
To some celestial seat ;
With angels sit, and sing away,
At Jesus' feet, an endless day.

COMMUNION.

HYMN 466. L. M. [b]

The Lord's Supper.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, eventful night,
When all the powers of earth arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 In memory of your dying Lord,
Do this, he said, till time shall end ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Friend.
- 4 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate ;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 467. L. M. [b]

A View of the Cross.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spread o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 468. C. M. [b]

Communion Hymn.

- 1 O God, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given,
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.
- 4 And oft along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

HYMN 469. L. M. [b]

Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One who died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And heap their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 470. S. M. [#]

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 My heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites me near;
With both my friendship shall be sweet,
And my communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care;
My Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix my roving heart;
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN 471. L. M. [#]

Loving Kindness of the Saviour.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and sin, my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong!

- 3** When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving kindness, O how good !
- 4** Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

HYMN 472. L. M. [b]

This do in Remembrance of me.

- 1** EAT, drink, in memory of your Friend :
Such was our Master's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blest.
- 2** Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou kindest, tenderest, best of friends :
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Our hearts can offer thee transcends.
- 3** 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

HYMN 473. S. M. [#]

Christian Unity.

- 1** LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known ;
While all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 474. C. M. [b]

Bearing the Cross.

- 1 DIST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame
And treat me with disdain,
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

HYMN 475. L. M. [#]

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the sky,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eye,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
How weak our faith and hope might prove ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
This kind memorial of his love.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood :
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

HYMN 476. 6 l. L. M. [#]

The Christian's ardent Aspirations.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, Source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating Fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire ;
Our souls refine, our dross consume ;
Come, condescending Spirit, come.
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel ;

Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

- 3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise ;
Let every pious passion glow ;
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

HYMN 477. 8 & 7s. M. [b]

Desires after Christian Obedience.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing ;
Peace from God, through endless day.

DEDICATIONS AND ORDINATIONS.

HYMN 478. S. P. M. [#]

On opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 How does my heart rejoice
To hear the public voice,
Come, let us seek our God to-day !
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place !
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength enclose thee round ;
In thee our souls appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 4 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house,
For here my friends and brethren dwell ;
And, since my glorious God
Makes this his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 479. C. M. [#]

Consecration of a Place of Worship.

- 1 GREATEST of beings, Source of good,
We bow before thy throne,
Which from eternity hath stood,
And worship thee alone.
- 2 Wilt thou vouchsafe thy presence here,
And shed propitious rays,
While with united hands we rear
An altar to thy praise?
- 3 Here, then, in every heart be found
The dwelling of thy choice ;
And here be heard that sweetest sound,
The cheerful, thankful voice.
- 4 Here may the mind, while sunk in woes,
And comfort long delays,
On Mercy's gentle breast repose,
And change its sighs for praise.
- 5 May love, with sweet, resistless force,
Compel her guests to come ;
Arrest the sinner's downward course,
And call the wanderer home.
- 6 While life eternal all pursue,
Here may the way be shown,
To know thyself, God only true,
And Christ, thy chosen Son.

HYMN 480. L. M. [#]

Worship acceptable in all Places.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell;
Not where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well:
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 In this thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.
- 5 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.
- 6 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

HYMN 481. L. M. [#]

Ardent Homage.

- 1 **JEHOVAH**, God, our heavenly King,
This temple to thy name we raise ;
In strains as pure as angels sing,
O may its walls resound thy praise.
- 2 Here may thy truth in radiance shine,
And grateful hearts its influence feel ;
And at its pure and holy shrine,
In ardent homage may we kneel.
- 3 May virtue's bright and living flame,
From souls renewed by heavenly love,
Waft its sweet incense to thy name,—
A sacrifice thou wilt approve.
- 4 When, in thine earthly dwelling-place,
We meet to mingle praise and prayer,
May we in love the world embrace,
And all to thy remembrance bear :
- 5 And when thy love our souls shall raise,
When every knee to thee shall bend,
O, then, we'll give thee deathless praise,
Eternal Father, changeless Friend.

HYMN 482. L. M. [#]

Temple of Praise.

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the Lord, around whose throne
All heaven in ceaseless worship waits ;
Whose glory fills the worlds unknown ;
Praise ye the Lord, from Zion's gates.

- 2 With mingling souls and voices join,
To him the swelling anthem raise ;
Repeat his name with joy divine,
And fill the temple with his praise.
- 3 All-gracious God, to thee we owe
Each joy and blessing time affords ;
Light, life and health, and all below,
Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.
- 4 Thine be the praise, for thine the love,
That freely all our sins forgave,
Pointed our dying eyes above,
And showed us life beyond the grave.
- 5 Immortal life ! this thought disarms
The terrors of our mortal shore ;
It brings to view eternal charms,
When other comforts are no more.

HYMN 483. C. M. [#]

House of Prayer dedicated to God.

- 1 SUPREME in power, O God of grace,
Thy throne is fixed on high ;
Yet to thy wanting, suppliant race,
Art thou forever nigh.
- 2 Before thy mercy-seat we bend,
Implore thy smiles divine,
Where justice, truth and mercy blend,
And in full splendour shine.
- 3 Wilt thou, our Father and our Friend,
Accept this house of prayer ?
And may thy potent arm defend
This temple of thy care.

- 4 To thee we dedicate this house,
And our best offerings bring ;
Here pay to thee our solemn vows,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 5 Long may these temple walls resound
With thy most worthy praise ;
And may each heart, O God, be found
A temple of thy grace.

HYMN 484. L. M. [#]

Christian Ministry.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows ,
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Master's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Bestowed his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 So shall a bright succession run,
Till the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 4 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,—
The Spring whence all these blessings flow :
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 485. L. M. [#]

Settlement or Ordination of a Minister.

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And, mid ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amid the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismissed from labours here,
Thy servants join the heavenly band;
With them through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blest employment ! glorious hope !
Sweet lenitive of grief and care !
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours share ?
- 5 Yet, while these labours we pursue,
Though distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heaven shall here be known.

HYMN 486. C. M. [#]

Apostolic Commission.

- 1 Go preach the gospel, Jesus cries;
To you this power is given;
Declare salvation's glorious prize
To all beneath the heaven.

- 2 Commissioned thus, through every age,
His heralds, in his name,
In this delightful work engage,
And peace and hope proclaim.
- 3 To him, whom we to thee ordain,
Thy gifts, O God, impart ;
May he those sacred truths maintain,
Which heal the wounded heart.
- 4 May all, by his instruction blest,
The path to heaven pursue ;
And converts to thy temple press,
Numerous as drops of dew.

HYMN 487. C. M. [#]

Installation or Ordination.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, God of peace,
We bow before thy throne,
And sing that wondrous love and grace,
Which call us all thine own.
- 2 Within these walls, O may thy voice
Of pardoning love be heard ;
Here may the broken heart rejoice,
The contrite soul be cheered.
- 3 And may thy servant, who, this day,
Is set apart for thee,
Enjoy the gospel's heavenly ray,
And all thy glory see.
- 4 Teach him to show that peace on earth
Which true religion gives ;
And point the eye of hope and faith
To realms where Jesus lives.

- 5 O may thy grace his heart enlarge,
To teach thy precepts given,
Till, with the people of his charge,
He shall be called to heaven.

HYMN 488. L. M. [#]

Pastoral Care.

- 1 GREAT God, before thy throne we bow ;
To thee we raise the fervent prayer ;
Do thou on us thy grace bestow,
And make us all thy tender care.
- 2 Him thou dost place as pastor here,
Wilt thou, O Saviour, deign to bless :
With firmness and with godly fear
May he declare thy truth and grace.
- 3 May no vain pride his heart possess,
To wrest thy word, thy truth conceal ;
Be thou his Strength and Righteousness,
And with thy love his bosom fill.
- 4 And on this people, gracious Lord,
Pour down thy blessings from above,
Cause every heart to love thy word,
And in thy paths their footsteps move.
- 5 We pray, O God, and we believe ;
We've seen thy kindness all our days ;
And long as we existence have,
We'll celebrate thy wondrous praise.

HYMN 489. L. M. [#]

Ordination or Installation.

- 1 O THOU, who art above all height,
Our God, our Father and our Friend,
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set .
A vine that by thy culture grew ;
We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since this thy servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his Guide, O God of truth.
- 4 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death, by care,<
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,
O God, remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest. ∴

BAPTISM, AND EARLY INSTRUCTION.

HYMN 490. C. M. [b or #]

Dedication of Children.

- 1 Lo, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms ;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of glory came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN 491. C. M. [#]

Children blessed.

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abram and his seed !
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the promise proves,
And seals, the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given ;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN 492. S. M. [#]

Our Offspring the Care of God.

- 1 LORD, what our ears have heard
Our eyes delighted trace ;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine :
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

- 3 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the sons adore ;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
- 4 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race !

HYMN 493. C. M. [#]

Infants blessed of Christ.

- 1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
- 2 With joy I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants, in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them on my breast ;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love ;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.
- 5 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

HYMN 494. L. M. [#]

Religious Education.

- 1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue ;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 To humble souls and broken hearts—
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When youth in deep contrition lie.
- 4 He tells their tears ; he counts their groans :
His Son redeems their souls from death ;
His spirit heals their broken bones :
They in his praise employ their breath.

HYMN 495. C. M. [#]

Early Piety.

- 1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord ;
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or sinful word
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace ;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

- 3** His eye awakes to guard the just,
His ear attends their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4** What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their Supporter now.

HYMN 496. S. M. [#]

Early Instruction.

- 1** LET children learn the deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2** He makes his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3** We'll tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4** Thus shall they learn in God
Their hope securely stands,
That they may still record his works,
And practise his commands.

HYMN 497. L. M. [# or b]

For religious Schools.

- 1 O LORD, to thee we raise our song,
To thee address our humble prayer,
To whom our lives and strength belong ;—
O make us all thy special care.
- 2 We thank thee for thy tender grace,
With which our infant minds are stored,
And taught to seek thy lovely face,
And learn our duty from thy word.
- 3 O may we ne'er abuse the day
On which the Friend of children rose,
Nor waste our time in sinful play,
And multiply our earthly woes.
- 4 But teach us all to read thy word,
And write thy precepts on our hearts :
Thus lead us in thy doctrine, Lord,
Which peace, and joy and life imparts.

HYMN 498. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

Children's Prayer.

- 1 GOD of mercy and of wisdom,
Hear thy children's lisping cry ;
Let thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Teaching lessons from on high.
- 2 Here, beneath thy wing, we seat us,
Up to heaven for wisdom look ;
Lord, in mercy deign to meet us,—
Meet us in thy sacred Book.

- 3** Since thy truth doth gild its pages,
 May that truth, Lord, make us free ;
 On the Rock of endless ages
 Let our faith established be.
- 4** To our faith we'll add the graces,
 Virtue, knowledge, patience, love :
 When on earth we leave our places,
 Raise us all to seats above.

HYMN 499. L. M. [#]

Youthful Remembrance of God.

- 1** In the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's early, smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 Its summons to the silent tomb ;—
- 2** Remember thy Creator, God ;
 For him thy nobler powers employ ;
 Make him thy Fear, thy Love, thy Hope,
 Thy Confidence, and highest Joy.
- 3** He shall defend and guide thy course
 'Through life's uncertain, stormy sea,
 Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of glorious immortality.
- 4** Then early seek the Lord, and choose
 The path of wisdom and of truth :
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a discreet, religious youth.

HYMN 500. C. M. [#]

God's Word the best Guide of Youth.

- 1** THE morn of life, how fair and gay !
 How cheering and how new !

- What hopes illumine each opening day,
And brighten every view !
- 2 Youth's ardent mind, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.
- 3 But slippery is the path they tread,
In pleasure's dangerous way ;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.
- 4 How shall they, then, their course pursue
Through life's uncertain road ?
What friendly hand will point their view
To duty and to God ?
- 5 In God's own word the way is sure,
And clear to every eye ;
It leads us in a path secure
To brighter worlds on high.

HYMN 501. H. M. [#]

Youth exhorted to Virtue.

- 1 EARLY in life's young days
Let each unsullied youth
Seek wisdom's peaceful ways,
And walk the path of truth :
There streams of purest pleasure flow ;
There honours bloom, and virtues grow.
- 2 Be God's all-perfect Son
Thy Pattern and thy Guide ;
Let all his will be done,
Nor trust a friend beside ;

Then shalt thou heave no guilty sighs,
No tears of anguish drown thine eyes.

3. His footsteps ever trace
 With vigour and delight ;
 He'll lead thee by his grace,
 Protect thee by his might,
And safe through all this dreary waste
Conduct thee on to endless rest.

PUBLIC ANNIVERSARIES.

HYMN 502. L. P. M. [#]

Thanksgiving for national Prosperity.

- 1 How rich thy gifts, Almighty King !
From thee our public blessings spring ;
 Extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The endless joys the gospel shows,
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore ;
 Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs ;
 Here still may God in mercy reign ;

Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

HYMN 503. L. M. [#]

Annual Thanksgiving.

- 1 GREAT God, let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name :
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,—
The hand from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honours raise.
- 3 To thee we raise the annual song ;
To thee the grateful tribute give ;
Our God doth still our years prolong,
And midst unnumbered deaths we live.
- 4 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.
- 5 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

HYMN 504. H. M. [#]

Thanksgiving.

- 1 To thee, eternal King,
We raise our thankful eyes,

From whom all blessings spring
 In earth, and sea, and skies :
 Each rolling year thy grace imparts,
 And wakes to praise our grateful hearts.

2 The treasures of thy love
 In all directions flow,
 And from the fount above
 Unceasing gifts bestow :
 From this blest fount, indulgent Lord,
 Streamed the rich glories of thy word.

3 O may the golden sun,
 Full in his noon-tide blaze,
 And e'en the silver moon,
 Instruct our hearts to praise ;
 While all the stars which stud the skies
 Beam love, as through unnumbered eyes.

4 Oft as returning spring
 Shall waft its genial gale,
 And we 'neath summer's wing
 The fragrant breeze inhale,—
 In every season, through all time,
 Great God, we'll praise thy name divine.

HYMN 505. P. M. [#]

Call to Thanksgiving and Praise.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
 O serve him with gladness and fear ;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and Ruler o'er all ;

And we are his people ; his sceptre we own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song ;
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 506. L. M. [#]

National Anthem.

- 1 ALL hail, almighty, glorious Sire,
Great Ancient of eternal days ;
Thy mercies claim the full-toned lyre,
And all the strength of perfect praise.
- 2 'Twas thine, O God, in elder time,
To make thy glorious arm right bare ;
When those who trod this desert clime
Were made of thee thy guardian care.
- 3 Amazement seized the savage foe ;
Thy terrors smote his proudest force ;
Thy dew unstrung the warrior's bow ;
Thy tempest ruled the arrow's course.
- 4 Then bloomed the waste at thy command ;
Peace onward led fair freedom's ray ;
Life's social arts adorned the land ;
Religion shone in sun-bright day.

- 5 These wondrous works, O Lord, were thine ;
Thine be the glory, honour, praise ;
While choral symphonies divine
In heaven and earth prolong the lays.

HYMN 507. L. P. M. [#]

Freedom's Song.

- 1 In freedom's song let millions join,
And praise the Guardian Power divine,
Whose inspiration gave the light,
That dawned with clear, celestial ray,
And gave our land this festal day,
Dispersed its clouds, and made it bright.
- 2 Like Israel's tribes on Egypt's flood,
Our fathers' feet with caution stood.
On stern oppression's awful strand ;
They raised their prayer to heaven's high throne,
The Lord in majesty came down,
And safely led his chosen band.
- 3 The way was desert, dark, and drear,
And doubtful hearts were filled with fear ;
But, lo, a fiery pillar rose,
A light to guide fair freedom's band,
And led them to the promised land ;
A cloud of darkness to their foes.
- 4 Columbia's hills and vales, be glad ;
Virgins and youth, with garlands clad,
Express your joy in songs of praise ;
While dim-eyed age exults to see
Its offspring independent, free,
And joins the choral theme to raise.

HYMN 508. 6 l. L. M. [#]

The Pilgrims.

- 1 FROM stern oppression's haughty land
The pilgrims crossed the boisterous wave ;
A patient, firm, and patriot band ;
The God of battles made them brave :
O make us ever blest and free,
A land of peace and liberty.
- 2 To thee, their steadfast, suppliant eyes
Were raised 'mid war and dread alarm ;
O God of battles, from the skies,
Thy mercy sent the conquering arm ;
Still guard our freedom, rights, and fame,
While we exalt thy holy name.
- 3 Here we, the children of the free,
Now gladly chant the joyful song,
And own our boundless debt to thee,
Which time shall gladly bear along.
Be this our universal cry,
For God, for home, for liberty.

HYMN 509. L. M. [b]

Public Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framers of undumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 This day we deeply mourn our sins,
Confess thy power, and bless thy rod :
O let us know thy pardoning love,
And find in thee a guardian God.

HYMN 510. 7s. M. [b]

The acceptable Offering.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread 'o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy haunts of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus accepted gifts to bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN 511. C. M. [b]

Humiliation and Prayer.

- 1 HERE in thy temple, Lord, we meet,
And bow before thy throne ;
Abased and guilty at thy feet,
We seek thy grace alone.
- 2 Our sins rise up in dread array,
And fill our hearts with fear ;
Our trembling spirits melt away,
But find no helper near.
- 3 Still, Lord, thy mercy's rich and free,
And runs an endless round,
A boundless, purifying sea,
Where all our sins are drowned.
- 4 O send thy pity from on high
With pardon all-divine ;
Bring now thy gracious spirit nigh,
And make us wholly thine.
- 5 We humbly mourn our follies past,
Each guilty path deplore ;
Resolved, while feeble life shall last,
To tread those paths no more.

HYMN 512. C. M. [6]

The humble Suppliant trusting in God.

- 1 O LORD, my Rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath ;
Hear me, O God, nor let me be
Like those who sleep in death.
- 2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy-seat.
- 3 My soul, with gratitude inspired,
Thy praises will resound ;
From thee the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.
- 4 As thou hast filled my heart with joy,
'Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 513. L. M. [6]

Penitence and Forgiveness.

- 1 HAVE mercy on me, O my God,
In loving kindness hear my prayer ;
Withdraw the terror of thy rod ;
Lord, in thy tender mercy spare.
- 2 Offences rise where'er I look,
But I confess their guilt to thee ;
Blot my transgressions from thy book ;
Wash me from all iniquity.

- 3 Not streaming blood nor cleansing fire
 Thy seeming anger can appease ;
 Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
 Or gladly I would render these.
- 4 The broken heart in sacrifice,
 Alone, will thine acceptance meet ;
 My heart, O God, do not despise,
 Abased and contrite at thy feet.
- 5 Thy consolations, as of old,
 Now to my troubled mind restore ;
 By thy free spirit's might uphold
 And guide my steps, to fall no more.

PRIVATE DEVOTION

HYMN 514. L. M. [#]

Morning Meditations.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely passed the silent night ;
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 Again behold the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And soars, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,

And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away ;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 515. 8 s. M. [#]

Morning Praise.

- 1 LAUDED be thy name forever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest !
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Hallowed be thy name forever !
- 2 God of evening's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity !
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night :
God of life, that fadeth never,
Glory to thy name forever !

HYMN 516. L. M. [#]

Morning Devotion.

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Illumined by the light divine,
Let thine own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

HYMN 517. C. M. [#]

Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 **ON** thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.

- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
 With thy protection blest,
 In peace and safety, I commit
 My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
 Fears no approaching ill ;
 For, whether waking or asleep,
 Thou, Lord, art with me still.
- 5 Then will I daily to the world
 Thy wondrous acts proclaim ;
 While all with me shall praises sing,
 And bless thy sacred name.

HYMN 518. L. M. [b or #]

Evening Recollections.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone ;
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
 Swift from the records of the year ;
 And still, with each successive sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone ;
 But soon a fairer day shall rise,
 A day whose never-setting sun
 Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone ;
 In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
 Bow down before his gracious throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

HYMN 519. C. M. [#]

Evening Contemplation.

- 1 SEE, the bright monarch of the day
In ocean dips his beams ;
While from his brow a parting ray
In milder glory streams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
In sweet succession reigns,
And finely paints, with silver light,
The mountains, vales, and plains.
- 3 The planets in progression rise,
And shine from pole to pole ;
Their pleasing course delights our eyes,
And charms the rising soul.
- 4 The starry arch in grandeur glows,
Through all its ample round :
Great God, thy power no limit knows,
Thy wisdom knows no bound.

HYMN 520. L. M. [#]

Family Duties and Blessings.

- 1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
Though Lord of heaven, he deigns to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

- 3 To him let each united house,
Morning and night, present their vows ;
And children of the rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;
While, pleased and thankful, we remove
To join thy family above.

HYMN 521. L. M. [b or #]

Communion with the Heart.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And your forsaken God implore.
- 2 And thou, O God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the mazes of my heart,
The search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

HYMN 522. C. M. [#]

The Christian's secret Resolutions.

- 1 **Am** I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 **Must** I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 **Sure** I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 4 **Thy** saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 5 **When** that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 523. L. M. [# or b]

Constant Reliance on God.

- 1 **FATHER**, I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
Thy sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 How many throbs of grief and pain
Is earth's pale wanderer doomed to know !
Yet not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

HYMN 524. C. M. [b]

Religious Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God !
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,

And all harmonious names in one,
My Father, thou art mine.

HYMN 525. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

God's Habitation our Security.

- 1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation ;
Rest, my soul, beneath his shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed :
There no tumult can alarm thee ;
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 2 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on him in trouble ;
He will hearken, he will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN 526. 7s. M. [b]

Shortness of Life.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Gone to their eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the rapid arrow flies,
Quick the destined mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;—
So our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on ;
Soon we pass life's little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 3 Thanks, for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, Lord, by faith to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill our hearts with filial love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thyself above.

HYMN 527. C. M. [b]

Retrospections at the Close of the Year.

- 1 MARK how the swift-winged minutes fly,
And hours still hasten on !
How swift the circling months run round !
How soon the year is gone !
- 2 Let us indulge a serious thought ;
'The year that's past review ;
What good, what evil, have we wrought ?
What work have we to do ?
- 3 How is our debt of love increased
To that sustaining Power,
Who hath upheld our feeble frame,
And blest each rolling hour.
- 4 For all thy favours, O our God,
Thy goodness we adore ;
Thou hast our cup with blessings filled,
And made that cup run o'er.
- 5 What shall befall in future life
We would not, Lord, inquire :
To be prepared for all thy will,
Be this our chief desire.

HYMN 528. C. M. [b]

Beginning or Close of the Year.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

- 2 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain :
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal treasures up,
And make my God my all.

HYMN 529. L. M. [b]

Vanity and Shortness of Life.

- 1 OUR life advancing to its close,
While scarce its early dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 2 How many, e'en in youth's gay flower,
Brief pageants of the noon-tide hour,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
The early tenants of the tomb !
- 3 God of my fathers, here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day ;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.
- 4 O Lord of life and seasons, we
Our sole reliance place on thee ;
In thee we trust with holy fear,
And bless thee for each circling year.

HYMN 530. C. M. [# or b]

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 LORD, in thy service I would spend
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
I did my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.
- 4 From the dark borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 5 Where thou shalt settle my abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

HYMN 531. S. M. [b]

Prayer in Sickness.

- 1 MY Sovereign, to thy throne
With humble hope I press;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of anguish and distress.

- 2 My life, bowed down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom ;
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,
And save me from the tomb.
- 3 Without one murmuring word
Thy chastening I receive,
But with submission ask O Lord,
A merciful reprieve.
- 4 My supplicating voice
Unwearied I will raise :
Say to thy servant's soul, rejoice,
And fill my mouth with praise.

HYMN 532. 8 l. L. M. [b]

On the dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell :
Thou, only, canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief ;
In mercy, then, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 2 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;
Restore him, sinking to the grave ;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save :
Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies ;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

- 3 But if our supplications fail,
 And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
 Be thou his Strength, be thou his Stay ;
 Support him through the gloomy way.
 Around him may thine angels stand,
 Waiting the signal of thy hand,
 To bid his happy spirit rise,
 And bear him to their native skies.

HYMN 533. C. M. [b]

On Occasion of a destructive Fire.

- 1 ETERNAL God, our humbled souls
 Before thy presence bow ;
 With all thy wasting magazines,
 How terrible art thou !
- 2 Fanned by thy winds, whole sheets of flame
 Like a wild deluge pour ;
 And all our confidence of wealth
 Lies mouldered in an hour.
- 3 Rolled fiercely on, in horrid pomp,
 Destruction rears its head ;
 And blackened walls and smoking heaps
 Through all the streets are spread.
- 4 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,
 With awe adore thy name ;
 Yet bless the hand of guardian Love,
 That snatched us from the flame.

HYMN 534. 7 & 6s. M. [#]

Earth exchanged for Heaven.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
 Thy better portion trace ;

Rise from transitory things,
 To heaven, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove .
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire moves upward to the sun ;
 Both seek their kindred source :
 So a soul, that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and, you know,
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN 535. C. M. [#]

On returning from abroad.

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below
 To thee, O God, ascend ;
 Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
 Whose mercies know no end.
- 2 The wandering exile, doomed to stray
 O'er many deserts wide,

Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With God his Guard and Guide ;—

- 3 The sailor, on the swelling sea,
When storms impending lower,
Or tempests rage, who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty power ;—
- 4 The wretched, pressed by countless woes,
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty Lord, on thee :
- 5 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heavenly aid they prove ;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy boundless power and love.

HYMN 536. C. M. [b]

Death of Kindred improved.

- 1 Must friends and kindred droop and die ?
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Recounts our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our Comfort, mighty God,
Our Helper and our Friend ;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led ;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

HYMN 537. L. M. [#]

Solemnization of Marriage.

- 1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King ;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.
- 2 This youthful pair, O Lord, inspire
With heavenly love, that sacred fire :
From this blest moment may they prove
The bliss divine of mutual love.
- 3 O may they both unceasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind ;
Prospered and happy may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.
- 4 So may they live as truly one ;
And, when their work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

HYMN 538. C. M. [#]

Matrimonial Occasions.

- 1 THOUGH made by God's almighty hand,
And in his image formed,
Yet Adam knew no happiness
Till love his bosom warmed.
- 2 Eden, with all its beauteous groves,
And fruits of richest taste,
To one for social bliss designed
Was but a lonely waste.

- 3 What wise provision hast thou made,
Great Parent of mankind,
That all thine offspring may enjoy
The bliss for them designed.
- 4 Then will we join our hearts and hands
In bonds of virtuous love,
And, whilst we live in peace below,
Prepare for bliss above.

HYMN 539. C. M. [#]

Progressive Virtue.

- 1 MERE human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.
- 2 They, with unwearied feet, shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 3 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,—
The wings of faith and love,—
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 540. L. M. [#]

Triumph of Light and Truth.

- 1 O God of truth, arise, and shine,
In thy celestial light and love,
On this benighted world of thine,
And raise our hopes to realms above.

- 2** O send thy gracious beams abroad,
Through sin and death's extended night,
And cheer the nations with thy word,
Which brings immortal truth to light.
- 3** No more let persecution's hand
Sway o'er the world its iron rod,
While, falsely claiming God's command,
It riots in a martyr's blood.
- 4** Let senseless idols share no more
The glories of thy sacred name,
But every land, from shore to shore,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

HYMN 541. C. M. [#]

God's Magnificence.

- 1** THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2** On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3** He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.
-

HYMN 542. P. M. [#]

Miriam's Song.

- 1 **SOUND** the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ;
Jehovah has triumphed ; his people are free.

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
 brave ;

How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath but
 spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
 wave.

Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

- 2 **Praise** to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our
 sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of
 glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed in the
 tide.

Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

HYMN 543. 6 l. L. M. [#]

The preeminent Glory of God.

- 1 **Thy** glory, Lord, the heavens declare ;
 The firmament displays thy skill ;
 The changing clouds, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil :
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When, one by one, the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along ;
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 Waked from thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power ;
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depths of nature's heart.
- 4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense :
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.
-

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 544. L. M. [#]

- 1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly throng ;
O praise Jehovah in your song.

HYMN 545. C. M. [#]

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Power,
Thy grateful children own
Thy boundless love, and bow before
Thine everlasting throne.
- 2 Forever hallowed be thy name,
All holy, good, and wise ;
And may thy perfect will be done
On earth as in the skies.

HYMN 546. S. M. [#]

- 1 To heaven's eternal King,
Who rules supreme alone,
Let all on earth their praises bring,
And worship round his throne.
- 2 His name, as sovereign Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is his grace, and sure his word ;
His truth forever stands.

HYMN 547. 7s. M. [#]

- 1 HOMAGE pay to God above,—
God, whose nature all is love ;
In his praise your breath employ,—
Gracious Source of every joy !
- 2 All our hopes of life and heaven
Through thy grace alone are given ;
Bliss eternal, pure, divine,—
Every gift, O God, is thine.

HYMN 548. H. M. [#]

GLORY to God on high ;
Forever bless his name ;
Let earth, and seas and sky
His wondrous love proclaim.
To him be praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

HYMN 549. 81. L. M. [#]

To thee, supreme, the ever-blest,
Be praise in thankful notes addressed ;
Such as the stars of morning sung,
When earth was on its balance hung ;
Such praise as from angelic choirs,
And saints, whom zeal like theirs inspires,
In heaven above, and earth below,
Still flows, and shall forever flow.

HYMN 550. 8 & 7s. M. [#]

GRACIOUS Source of every blessing,
Guard our breasts from anxious fears ;
Let us, each thy care possessing,
Peaceful reach the vale of years ;
All our hopes on thee reclining,
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